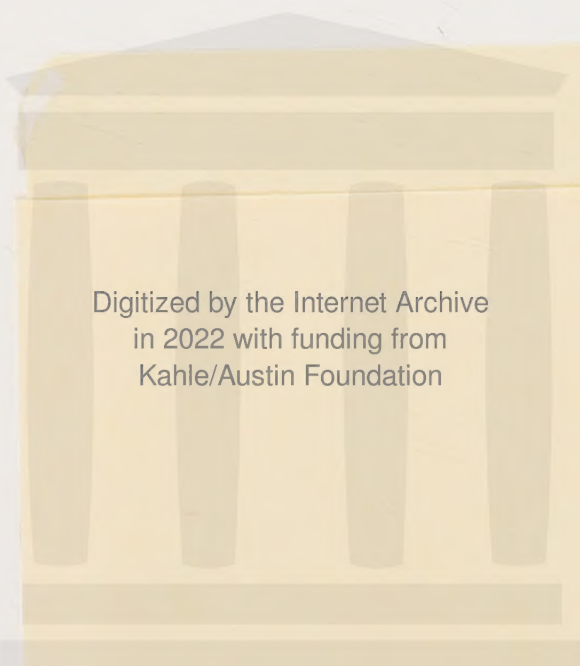


CALLIMACHUS



**THE STORY OF THE
CORINTHIAN CAPITAL**



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Καλλιμαχος

"BEAUTIFUL FIGHTER"

"A life without inquiry
is not worth living."

Socrates

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CALLIMACHUS

THE STORY OF THE
CORINTHIAN CAPITAL

CHARLES

WARREN

LANG

AEGEAN PRESS

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Published in 1983 by Aegean Press,
222 W. 7th St., New Albany, Indiana 47150

Library of Congress Catalog Card No: 82-074047
ISBN: 0-910018-05-7

Lang, C. Warren

Callimachus, The Story of the Corinthian Capital

Includes index.

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1. Corinthian capitals by the New Albany courthouse.

PREFACE

You will find this a strange book.

It is:

A historical novel.

A modern-day odyssey.

A different perspective on that Greek literature which most of us tend to avoid.

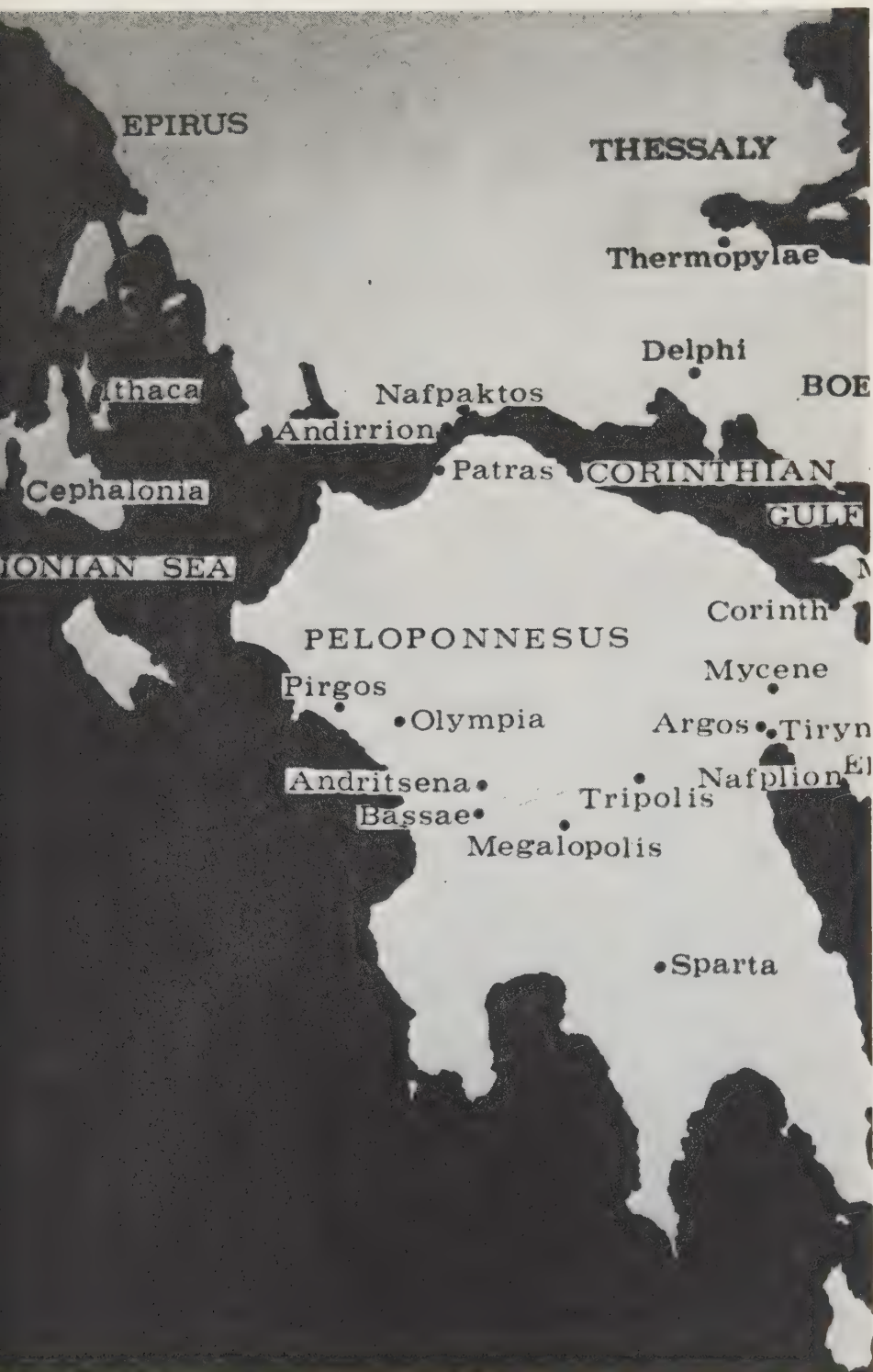
An inquiry.

It is also:

Disjointed.

Even incomprehensible.

And an uncommon journey.

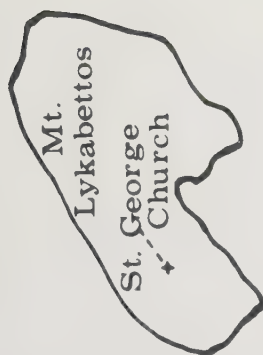


GREECE



ATHENS

National
Archeological
Museum

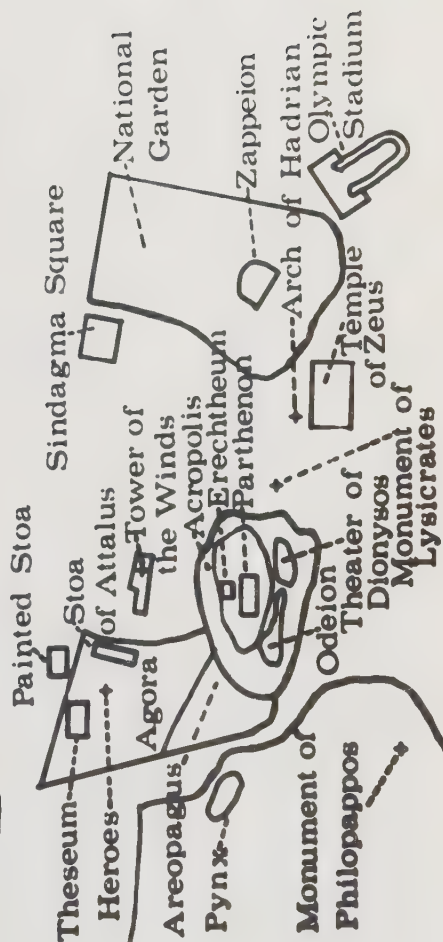


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Kerameikos
Cemetery



INTRODUCTION AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTS

This book seeks to answer: "Who was Callimachus?" It reveals the story of the invention of the Corinthian capital and the wondrous legend surrounding it. Our story of Callimachus is also a history of the human genius and of the spirit of inquiry and resourcefulness which nurtures and brings it to fruition.

It is curious that not one but several men called Callimachus, functioning in contrasting environments and in different era, should continually surface on the pages of history. After the birth of Christ, this clan whose chronology continued for several centuries, disappeared from succeeding historical records. Even today, the Athens telephone directory lists no one with the last name Callimachus!

Callimachus was a Greek, as you may have surmised, and communication for the Greek with his fellow has always centered around the Aegean Sea. Here on this mysterious, ever-changing, "wine-dark sea" of Homer, ships have eternally plyed to and fro in unending commerce. It is upon their variegated, colorful and distinctive ships, these numberless trains of the sea, that untarnished Greek pride and innovative flair are often visually displayed.

The strong Greek fascination for the sea has held a timeless interest for all generations, for the sea speaks to some in tones of placid quietness, to others with the frothy roar of tumult and agitation. Weathered sailors who work on the sea come to know individual boats as they appear on the horizon. Some are greeted with the same rapport as the evening star which appears to the lonesome voyager in the first shades of dusk, a bright messenger from the eternity of darkness.

Now, not unrelatedly, there is a story once told of the Egyptians that they devised an instrument of torture called the "boat." Made in two halves to

encompass the human body, with an air-space at the adjoining surfaces, it was in effect a boat or coffin. The unfortunate individual was sealed within, alive, and left for the worms, who eventually devoured the body as it seethed in its own excrement. May we consider that whatever the station in life, every individual, confined, but not necessarily in a similar manner, has a personal boat in which he sails the sea of time. The boat may be simple in nature, not unlike the chest in which Danae and her son Perseus of Greek legend were cast afloat on the Aegean by her cruel father King Acrisius, the ancient ruler of Argos. Or perhaps the fates have been especially kind and your boat is a more magnificent structure. One which demonstrates a caring nature and a pride in accomplishment. But consider also, in the spirit of humility, the ancient cathedral builder working to complete his splendid edifice, who, before completion, always incorporated a broken fragment of glass or stone set in a vociferative surrounding to casually demonstrate that true perfection is not obtainable in this world. For we live between two eternities--the infinitely small and the infinitely large--and have not the means to pass beyond them. We are reminded too, that for us, the worms are idleness and slothfulness--sure and certain consumers.

As to character, the human boat is seldom more than one hundred years in length. The height and color of the individual sail and a creative workmanship are the principal flags of distinction and achievement as one sees it on the horizon. Each boat is one of a kind, a unique structure that, like the robin building a nest, takes on an everchanging form as each succeeding twig of time etches its final picture in eternity. Reflect, if you will, as you read the pages of this book, how your own boat may have a part in writing the unfinished symphony of history.

We shall now begin to examine the boats of Callimachus, which were built well, for fifteen, as

recorded by historians, have been unveiled and are depicted in the genealogical chart. Almost certainly, we can say that genetic eloquence seldom sustains itself over two, sometimes three generations without loss of vigor. Here, with Callimachus, is the exception—one with a peculiar essence and aura worthy of capture. Standing on our shore and seeing these awesome boats of Callimachus, we must certainly inquire: "Are good works entirely a hereditary matter?" and: "Is greatness, in finality, more than inquiry, considered commitment, and deliberate execution?"

This eternally valid statement of Socrates regarding inquiry is perhaps the hinge upon which the gate of our inherited freedom has freely swung.

It is:

"A life without inquiry is not worth living."



4. Greek boats at Eretria.



5. A Corinthian capital found at Corinth.

The flat covering on top of the capital is called the abacus. There are three rows of leaves. Interesting variations are found in the flower area at the center of each side of the abacus.

CHAPTER ONE

THE LEGEND OF THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL

It was in 1964, while learning the stair-lecture in Freemasonry, that I first became interested in Callimachus. Until that time he was a stranger. This interest was also heightened by a curious circumstance. In New Albany, Indiana, on the bank of the Ohio River, some 2500 years after the invention of Callimachus, there is a silent memorial to the beauty of his idea. On the northern portico of the new city courthouse are four shortened, singular stone columns with magnificent Corinthian capitals.

These columns, curiously saved from destruction, formerly supported the western porch of the old courthouse. I had passed by them almost daily in my youth, accepting them as part of the building and merely admiring their majestic beauty in a passive manner. They now stand alone, bedecked with flowers:--four unobtrusive centenarians--serving as a reminder of the past and a hope for the future. Preoccupied, thousands have passed by them with little knowledge of their history. Few persons have acquaintance with the legend of the Corinthian capital. Perhaps some may be able to distinguish and name these columns as Corinthian. But with the revelation of the legend, they are old friends with new faces, illuminated by a new beauty in the heart and eye of the beholder.

The columns still intrigue me, for I observed them often while visiting my parents, who ran an insurance office across the street from the courthouse. The architectural format and perspective of the capital, upon reflection, has a strange and curious appeal. However, the mind conjures Callimachus only as some obscure sculptor, his hands chiseling away at an impersonal marble block, on some unknown shore and in some indeterminate past. Unmindful, we pass by him as a stranger on a busy street. But I, being prodded by the process of memorization, let Inquiry gain the upper hand, and

the stranger became a friend. You will want to know him too.

Curiously, I found that the northern and southern branches of Freemasonry in the United States disagree as to his actual identity. With this discovery I began research as to his true historical importance, for the name, the beauty, and the hidden meaning of the capital intrigued me. This search eventually revealed a royal Greek lineage--one that perhaps rivals the House of David in its impact.

History records this legend of Callimachus, a man whose peculiar genius flashes across the horizon like brilliant lightning announcing the roar of the thunder which is to follow. Like the succeeding flashes that occur in a torrid mid-summer storm, his descendants signalled their own significant places in Grecian history. The name of Callimachus is unknown to most of the world's inhabitants, but many have viewed this architectural invention with unknowing awe. But he did much more than create a monument in stone.

Callimachus and his descendants made their mark in the history of the Greek nation. He should be revered by all Greeks everywhere--both native and adopted. Callimachus has directly affected the lives of those who dare call themselves free. And if you are enlisted in the cause of freedom and have only the joy of Hope, you must still know about Callimachus. For his cause is yours.

The patronymic line of Callimachus was one of royalty when Greece was in its flower and Athens was the "Beacon of the World." Many in his family served Athens at great personal sacrifice, and with distinction. Curiously, as has been mentioned, the scarlet thread of the Callimachus lifeline follows a winding path to historical extinction around the time of the birth of Christ.

Share the joy of discovery as we first meet Callimachus in Corinth. He is a young man, becoming skilled in the arts, and a sculptor, having learned much from Ionian artisans. It was this large city

of Corinth, located a short distance from Athens, that the apostle Paul visited after his encounter with the Athenians on Mar's Hill near the Acropolis in the year 53 A.D. Here Paul spent several months with those Jewish refugees from Rome, Aquila and his wife Priscilla, working as a tentmaker. Could, perhaps, a well-read man like Paul--especially during this stay in Corinth, where local pride would have hopefully announced it--come to know of the Callimachus legend of the Corinthian capital? Certainly, the Corinthian capital was not unknown to him. It had by his day obtained general usage in many cities. In fact, I am virtually certain that both his eyes and mine have beheld the same Corinthian capitals in the Corinthian agora!

Strange, how the paths of the world's historical greats often cross on the earth's broad stage. There is something almost magical in the way the mind can conjure up a vivid image of a past event, crowding time into some compressed fantasy of meaningful relationships and apparent visual reality. The mind allows us the presence and sameness with that event, as though, for an instant, time did not exist.

Thus, it is not difficult to visualize Callimachus, hundreds of years before, traveling the streets of Corinth perhaps not unlike Paul, who traveled from the west harbour up the Lechaion Road to the Corinthian agora, the polygonal stone blocks of the road echoing to the sound of his steps. Separated in time, but not necessarily in mission, the paths of both men cross here in the general vicinity of the Corinthian agora which was completely rebuilt two centuries before the time of Paul. Both men had visions. One saw a beautiful scene of passive beauty and established a legend in stone that will live forever. The especial vision of Paul which was vivified by the power of his faith and his gift of splendid rhetoric, became a living image that has illuminated the hearts of men for centuries.



6. Author's concept of the Callimachus monument.

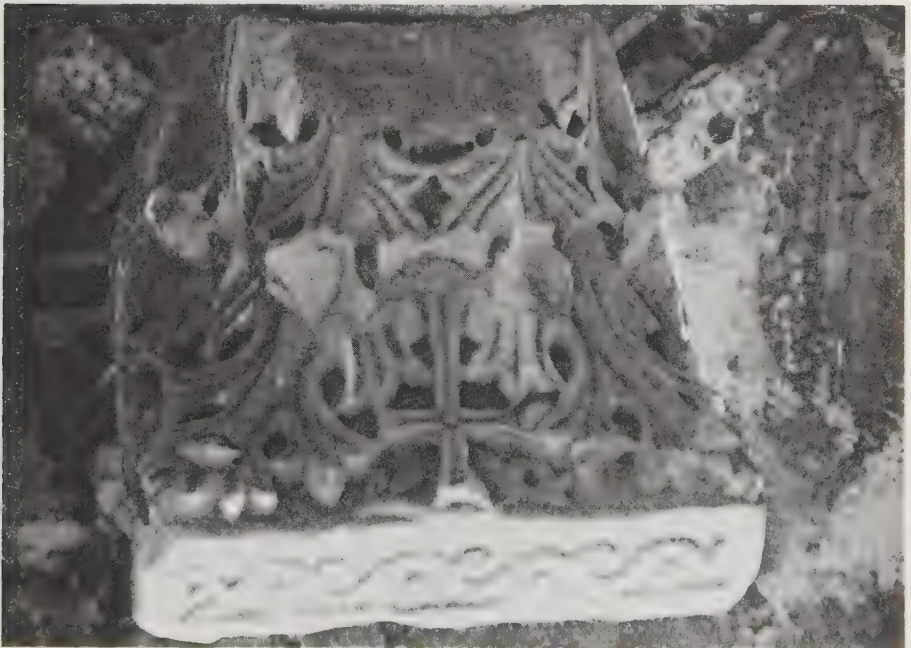
This is how the Roman historian and architect Vitruvius¹ spoke of Callimachus as he related the legend almost 150 years before Paul arrived in Corinth:

"8. But the third order, which is called Corinthian, imitates the slight figure of a maiden; because girls are represented with slighter dimensions because of their tender age, and admit of more graceful effects in ornament. 9. Now the first invention of that capital is related to have happened thus. A girl, a native of Corinth, already of age to be married, was attacked by disease and died. After her funeral the goblets which delighted her when living, were put together in a basket by her nurse, carried to the monument, and placed on the top. That they might remain longer, exposed as they were to the weather, she covered the basket with a tile. As it happened the basket was placed upon the root of an acanthus. Meanwhile about spring time, the root of the acanthus, being pressed down in the middle by the weight, put forth leaves and shoots. The shoots grew up the sides of the basket, and, being pressed down at the angles by the force of the weight of the tile, were compelled to form the curves of volutes at the extreme parts. 10. Then Callimachus, who for the elegance and refinement of his marble carving was nick-named catatechnos by the Athenians, was passing the monument, perceived the basket and the young leaves growing up. Pleased with the style and novelty of the grouping, he made columns for the Corinthians on this model and fixed the proportions. Thence he distributed the details of the Corinthian order throughout the work."

1. Vitruvius, ed. F. Granger, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1931, Book IV c. I., page 209.



8. An early variation of the Corinthian capital found at Delphi. Note the addition of the cross in place of the flowers in the center of the side of the abacus.





10. Kerameikos Cemetery at Athens. The broken center column was about three feet tall and inscribed with the particulars on the deceased.



This then, is the legend of the invention of the Corinthian capital, the capital of Callimachus; certainly a legend coming down to us in varying form, as any Freemason familiar with his art would know. Incidentally, the name *catatechnos*, or another form, *catatexitechnos*, means "Enfeebler of the Art" or the "man who enfeebles his art." This nick-name was probably given to some later Callimachus who was also credited with the invention of the running drill used to bore and flute marble. However, the drill is known to have been in use at an earlier date, and this may point to our first Callimachus as the more likely inventor. The copy of the *Maenad* of Callimachus discovered in the agora in Athens surely reveals this fluting technique. The Nike unloosing her sandal, a famous sculpture taken from the Temple of Athena Nike on the Acropolis, also displays this characteristic. This may have been the work of Callimachus, as some believe, or perhaps it was at least influenced by him.

The legend is an interesting story. We shall soon examine it for that which it possibly conceals.

11. Nike unloosing her sandal.



CHAPTER TWO

IN SEARCH OF CALLIMACHUS

This search for Callimachus had now become an interesting obsession. I therefore decided to visit the areas in Greece which I had spent so much time researching. On the afternoon of August 9, 1980, I left Louisville, Kentucky on a Delta jet for Atlanta, Georgia. The plane climbed very fast and the peak altitude of 29,000 feet soon made neighbors of the heavy cumulus clouds. Occasionally a very patterned and detached earth splattered through the billowing clouds. Flying above and through thunderheads in this day of the jet is a common experience—one which I at an earlier time in my life had been taught to avoid at all costs.

Arriving at the Atlanta airport at 4.45 P.M. in 100 degree heat, I found that this port dwarfed Standiford Field in Louisville. There was an hour and half wait until the 6.35 flight 14 to Frankfurt, Germany was to depart. In the waiting room it was soon noticeable that the German language began to flow frequently among passengers returning home to Germany. I rejoiced that two years of my life were dedicated to the attempt on the language at Indiana University.

After a short while we (some 300 people) departed in Delta's largest jet. There were five seats together in the center and two by the windows on each side. Fortunately, my seat was by the right side window and I could use my camera. The air-speed across the Atlantic is maintained at around 600 miles per hour and this trip required about eight hours. The plane flew at 40,000 feet and the earth was seldom visible through the dense cloud cover. At that altitude motion is not at all apparent, and without ground contact the experience would be very boring were it not for the piped music, picture show, and the frequent snack-breaks.

We arrived in Frankfurt am Main at 8.45 A.M. their time on August 10th. It was now daylight and as we dropped down through an almost complete fuzzy cloud

cover (I never saw the Atlantic), the towered center buildings of Frankfort appeared in the mist. The Henninger Turm was immediately visible (3rd tallest structure in the world), as was the airport. Frankfort vies with Atlanta as the largest airport complex in the world. A tour guide later informed me that thirty million people pass through this center each year.

The first impression of Germany is that it is after all a part of the whole earth and not that much different from America. The tree cover and the sandy clay soil around the airport are immediately noticeable as the near approach is made for landing. The land around this general area didn't seem to have as much density of use as one might expect. Frankfort marked out large park areas years ago and they are well protected against land developers. The parks with their bike trails offer quiet and serenity, in contrast to the rest of the city which is bursting at the seams.

The airport landing sites are considerably separated from the center terminal, and within the buildings are rolltreppe units which convey one from the landing exit to the customs inspection and the main terminal. It is a different world--the strange signs using visual aids, with English printed under the German, rapidly move you effortlessly through the terminal. The building had several floors, a train station underground, numerous businesses and banks on the main floor, an observation area on the roof. In the business area, merchandise from all over the world is displayed. The Sheraton Airport Hotel directly adjoins the airport, but my hotel was about two kilometers distant. After wandering the terminal and trying to orient myself, I found that my knowledge of where I wanted to go did not coincide with the train schedules, unknown routes, and the exact fare required by their ticket vending machines. On the first floor exit there was a taxi available which took me to the hotel where I had reservations. The receptionist could speak English, but the other

employees knew only German. It was of considerable interest to me to notice that in the middle of the hotel lobby is a Lang Car Rental office. Naturally, I decided to do business with them. As I later found, when checking the Frankfort telephone book, there are over three hundred of us Lang's listed, so the name seems to be a rather common one in Germany.

By now, I was beginning to understand the nature of that thing called jet-lag. It was almost impossible to sleep, since my built-in time sense was out of balance. Perhaps it was also the excitement of the trip, but later that afternoon on a tour around the large city of Frankfort, I did catch a few cat-naps. Frankfort is about thirty kilometers from the airport, and the tour bus took us through a virtual jungle of roads and interchanges which offered a chance to see the countryside. In the city, the ancient landmarks are well preserved and blend into the later more modern structures which surround them.

The river which passes through the city looks much like our Ohio, but the ancient bridges retain the classic look of earlier centuries. Some parts of the city are a genuine step backward in time. The reconstructed Goethe house, the ancient churches and buildings with heavy doors and stonework afford a sharp contrast with some more recent structures which are found in the older parts of the city. Shops and stores of every diverse description are jammed together in the business sections and, because of the lack of space, make a real hodgepodge. After an enjoyable trip through this cosmopolitan city, the bus returned to the hotel around seven. Obtaining a small repast in their coffee shop, I then retired to my room with newspapers and magazines and turned on the television. The programs were interesting to me, as I am still attempting to grasp the language. The TV programs go off the air at 12 P.M. Germans evidently don't stay up late. Addiction to the tube has not infected them to the

degree that it has Americans.

The next morning, after sleeping late, I rushed down to the coffee shop and asked the very efficient waiter for coffee and pfannekuchen. He evidently didn't understand my German or else they do not serve pancakes. After about six cups of coffee I asked another waiter about the order. Somehow it wasn't ordered, so I now ordered rückeier mit schinken and the service was more immediate. Fortified for the day, I then made arrangements with the Lang Car Rental Agency for an automobile.

Checking out of the hotel about 10.30, I was introduced to an orange Volkswagen Polo, received instructions on its driving characteristics, and was then pointed in the right direction to proceed through the spaghetti of highways toward Kassels. Naturally, the roads went by too fast and I missed the correct turnoff, thereby wandering south of Frankfort. Nonplussed, I started navigating by the sun, stopping frequently for some sign of recognition. The strange stoplights with horizontal and vertical lines and the streets cluttered with signs with circled crosses and little arrows at the bottom are very distracting. These were not the signs which I had studied on the international driving charts. Then too, the pictures of cars, animals and people, along with strange German names, all add to the confusion. Little did I know that this was just primary training for that which awaited me in Greece.

It turned out that the trip southward was not any great error. In addition to seeing a not so well-traveled area, the road soon dovetailed into the one I wanted in the first instance. All of the houses were in excellent repair--usually of brown-stone finish (over concrete blocks) with the beautiful red tile roofs. I did not meet a poor German or see a slum house during the trip. Kassels is in a mountainous area and as you approach it there are beautiful towns on the hillsides stretching down into the valleys. Each had an ancient church with a



13. Street scene in small town near Kassels.





15. The home of the Grimm brothers, who wrote Sleeping Beauty, in Kassels.



spire, and picturesque is the only way to describe it. It is difficult while driving through the countryside to comprehend that everyone speaks German here. If you look only at the hills and farmland there is a great similarity to parts of the United States. Rest and information centers on the main highways have gas, food and drink, and W.C.'s (toilets) just as their American counterparts.

One must be alert while driving an automobile in Germany. Several drivers behind me, at times, leaned on their horns when I was going too slow or driving in the wrong lane. The way they roll their Mercedes, I believe every German is a frustrated Luftwaffer at heart. They do seem to be very good drivers. Somehow the opinion occurs to me that the Germans do not look in kindness toward mistakes of any sort at any time. Without a speed limit on some of their highways it is easy to see why.

Kassels is a garden spot, a city set on a hill, of about two hundred thousand people. It is a very good place to get lost in, but by wandering around, I found signposts pointing to Hercules—one of the sights on my itinerary. This eventually led to a parking lot on the side of a hill, out in the country. Locking the dauntless little Polo and gathering my camera equipment, I slowly climbed the hill for about a quarter-mile, only to discover the castle closed on Monday's. But Hercules was there atop the castle, gracing the sky with his presence and just waiting all these many years for my appearance! The castle sets high on the side of the mountain and looks out over the valley toward Kassels, and just below in the far off distance, lying in a superb setting stolen from a fairy tale, are Loewenberg (lion mountain) and nearby Wilhelmshoehe Castles. These were built for Kaiser Wilhelm II and must have required a remarkable amount of planning and effort. Kassels is also renowned for its brothers Grimm and their timeless story of Sleeping Beauty. The castle described in their story is located not far from this area.

After spending several hours examining and probing the site and taking photographs, the time for returning to the city seemed to be at hand as the sun fell in the sky. Driving about the city, I admired its exceptional cleanliness which seemed to match the pure invigorating air. Upon the recommendation of my friendly German guidebook I checked into the Park Hotel Hessenland, using my best German. Upon obtaining a room, I found that it overlooked the spot not more than one hundred yards away where the brothers Grimm made their home. This was a small hotel and it seemed only one person on the staff knew English, and his English was about the same as my German. This was my first real language challenge, and all of that past study did work out on the plus side--at least sufficiently well enough to be able to get a night's lodging and food. Taking the elevator to their small but pleasing restaurant, I ordered a meal which was by now very welcome. While eating, a French gentleman, his wife, teen-age daughter, and a German woman, whom I took to be related, sat down at a table near me. They knew several languages and their interesting small-talk drifted first through one language, then another. How fortunate this young teen-ager was, to be subject to such an intellectually invigorating environment.

Leaving the hotel for a stroll about the city, I walked down through the underpass below one of the main thoroughfares and into the central city area. Here I window-shopped the multitude of stores, theatres, travel agencies, and what have you. Their shops have divers merchandise collected from around the world.

On August 12th, after tossing and turning and finally obtaining about three hours sleep, I arose around seven, and from the balcony of my room photographed the Grimm house, the adjoining museum, and some of the street scenes. Unexpectedly, it was raining--a morning rain that seemed to wash the streets and clean the citie's face. It was clean to

begin with, and I found out why. Several men with red safety jackets were actually brushing the streets with push-brooms right there in the rain! They rapidly swept up any refuse and dumped it into their trucks and were on their way.

It was splendid to have a hotel room with a view of exactly that which I would wish to see. The colorful streetcars and traffic passed below. The rain had brought out colorful umbrellas with unique flowerlike patterns. I noticed how well everyone dressed, even in this weather. Their rain apparel was very proper for the occasion. Germans seem to be ultra-precise in everything they do. The trucks and buildings are certainly decorated with flair and in vivid colors. This is a country where almost every scene has a landscape quality.

Most Germans are not outwardly friendly; they have a veneer of reserve that announces that you are not to assume the general familiarity of a friend unless they allow you that privilege. The young seem to be bound in their work situations much as they probably were as students under the traditionally austere and severe German teacher. Willingly they serve under the watchful eye of those who employ them. Evidently their dress code is impressed upon them from their youth. All German children seem to be neat and clean and very well dressed; looking as though they had just stepped from the pages of one of those classic travel brochures which tourists are wont to see.

After breakfast as I checked out of the hotel, I asked at the desk if someone spoke English, and one young man proudly announced that he did. His English was excellent and he was kind and very helpful. My guidebook clearly implied that the statue of Apollo which I had traveled all this distance to see was in a museum in the central city, one other than the Wilhelmshoehe. The young man knew nothing of the Apollo, but he assured me that to his knowledge there were no other museums in the city. The author of the guidebook must have obtained his information second-hand.

The youth gave me directions to the castle, but with my usual promptness and efficiency, I was soon lost. It was not that I didn't know where the castle was, but the problem was finding the correct street that would lead through to it. Every turn seemed to be a dead-end or a bypass. This is a great way to see a city if you don't allow frustration to get the better of you. After wandering the city for better than an hour, I chanced upon a boy of about twelve on a bicycle, one that clearly resembled the type generally shown on German postcards and in the movies which exemplify their youths. He was truly a fine young fellow and very anxious to help--eagerly translating my poor German into instructions--next corner right and go to the next main street and right again. He knew exactly where Wilhelmshoehe was, only he did, I noticed, pronounce it differently than I. It somehow sounded so much better--and musical. But we did have a meeting of minds and he will never know how he relieved my frustration and anxiety. Naturally, the place was right under my nose, but I couldn't find the correct street to get through.

Leaving the car in the parking lot, I then proceeded down the street to a tourist information house in the wooded park. The receptionist spoke excellent English, but she knew nothing of Apollo. Purchasing some literature, I then proceeded to go up the inclined pathway in the park toward the castle. This passage leads up through the woods for about a mile, offering a very tranquil journey in the cool of the morning. The castle grounds are very well kept and are decorated with beautiful flower gardens and shrubs. At the crest of the hill there is a spectacular view looking back into the city past passive lakes and gardens. Very serene.

It had stopped raining but still was overcast. After circling the building and taking several photographs so as to empty my camera of regular film, I reloaded with 400 type fast film to use inside the museum. My first picture, once inside,



16. Roman copy of Pheidias' Apollo at
Wilhelmshoehe.

was taken with a flash exposure, but the guard quickly put a stop to that. I switched to a tripod, which was allowed, and since the outside light coming in the large windows was sufficient, I found to my later satisfaction that the pictures reproduced very well.

The castle has been modernized inside with a beautiful three floor stair system, and offers plenty of space and light. The guide at the desk knew nothing of Apollo, but I eventually found the ancient gentleman on the first floor, in the Greek collection. Roman copy of the original work by Pheidias, this is one of the treasures left to us by the world's first great sculptor, the creator of one of the seven wonders of the ancient world--the towering Zeus at Olympia. I probably spent an hour taking photographs from every angle, and with several combinations of aperture and time exposure. The pictures were very discerning, but one wonders how much more vivid the statue would have been in its original as a painted and decorated form that was almost alive.

The Greek and Egyptian collections on the first floor are quite excellent, but the upper two floors of distinguished panoramic paintings are unreal. There are works of Rembrandt and Rubens and many other famous artists. Many of the paintings are immensely large and detailed. You can spend hours here--and I did. But my time was running out, since it was necessary to return the car in Frankfurt by 5.30.

I returned by a different route, taking a back road to Marburg where the University is located and then heading south, by-passing Giessen, and eventually arriving in Frankfurt. True to form, I got lost and wandered the city for better than an hour. Then I pulled into a gas station and filled the tank, and a stern businesslike lady attendant of some years gave me terse directions in German, which I understood. Winding and twisting through the airport area, somehow the Volkswagen found its

way through the correct circles and arrived in front of the hotel at 5.20.

The one remaining young lady in the Lang Car Rental Agency checked the car for damage, read the speedometer, and then figured the bill. After checking with a local bank for an exchange rate, which she didn't quite understand, we arrived at a compromise of 1.74 marks per dollar, since the dollar had gone up slightly. I had driven about seven hundred kilometers, at speeds up to 100 kilometers per hour, in the little Polo, using about a tank and a half of petrol. The cost was a little less than anticipated, and the drive through the countryside had been most enjoyable. The roads are in good repair and I ran into only one small detour and one construction delay during the entire trip. This is a little hard to understand, for on two occasions I ran into a bevy of United States tanks coming down the road on their steel tracks, moving at a clip of around 50 miles per hour. This should be hard on roads.

On the return trip I had a wierd experience. There was a strange unexpected noise, and all at once, coming over a rise, there were six army helicopters at about one hundred feet. It was very reassuring that they were ours. I saw many of our service people in Germany, and the country is dotted with U.S. installations. I don't know the status of the German youth today, but I didn't see any in uniform, except, of course, the Polizei.

The police are not too visible, but I recall coming upon an accident just outside Kassels. The fire trucks were washing the gas and oil off the roadway and the police were on the scene supervising traffic. One young woman in a Volkswagen pulled up alongside, in the inside lane, while we in the right lane were all lined up to get through. One of the policemen came up to her car and really raised the roof. It was bully day at the old coral! She received a very thorough lecture and was made to wait until all the other traffic had cleared.

Having returned the car, I stepped over to the hotel reservation desk and asked, since I had stayed with them Sunday night, if they might have a room available for the night. After filling out the registration card and giving my age and place of birth, they then supplied the room. No mention was made of rate, the assumption on the part of a trusting American was that it would be approximately the same as before. Depositing the luggage in the room, my stomach then directed me to the coffee shop. I hadn't taken the time to eat much all day except Milky Ways and corn chips. As a suitable reward for mission accomplished on this part of the trip, I selected their special Argentine steak with potatoes. It was excellent, and aptly demonstrated how well the Germans can cook.

The TV that night had a funny German spass show--similar to our Candid Camera show, except the comedian more actively participates in the action with the stooge (subject). German TV sets are expensive and I found their programs perhaps not as diverse as ours. There were only three channels in Frankfurt. The programs end at midnight and do not come back on until the afternoon. The hotel in rural Kassels didn't have either a TV or radio, but then the price for the room was a great deal different.

The next morning I arose very early, ate, checked out of the hotel, which ripped me off with double the previous rate, and angrily left with a group of Russian airline pilots for the airport. It was a case of pay or go to jail, and the shysters knew I had no alternative.

Checking in at the flight desk at the airport, I then purchased and read a London Times, and then later walked around window shopping the stores. A bank in the terminal rapidly changed my German marks into dollars.

I was filled with anticipation for this new adventure which now awaited me in Greece.



18. The Acropolis. View from the north looking southward across the ancient agora.



CHAPTER THREE

MYTH, LEGEND, AND MYSTERY

The legend of the Corinthian capital may be taken at face-value as Vitruvius has defined it, but closely dissembling its real nature are many allegorical connotations which bear further examination. In this regard, let us look to the Mystery Religions of the past, some of the legendary history that partially paralleled them, and also consider some of the myths concerning Athens and her kings. This may not lead us directly to Callimachus, but one of the requirements for any archaeological dig is that you move a lot of dirt.

It is reported that the great Mysteries were brought from Egypt to Greece by one of the following legendary personages: by Ceres (Demeter) herself (goddess of grain and harvests); by Erechtheus, who was born in Egypt; or by Orpheus (son of Calliope). This is, of course, a controversial statement. We know that the Orphic and Eleusian Mysteries differed greatly as to content. Legend and myth tend to fuse with history, but for our purposes, Erechtheus is an inviting historical choice. King of Athens, a son of the mighty god Hephaestus¹, the lame smith of Homeric fame, some say that it was during his reign in 1423 B.C. that the Mysteries of Eleusis² were established. The Parian Chronicle or Marble³ also relates that Demeter came to Athens during the reign of Erechtheus (c. 1409 B.C.).

1. Temple of Hephaestus (Theseum) at Athens dedicated to him. Son of Zeus, a lame smith and artificer, worshipped as a god.
2. Eleusis, Greece, home of the Mysteries, a city about fifteen miles northwest of Athens.
3. The "Parian Chronicle" or "Parian Marble" was discovered in the seventeenth century on the island of Paros. It gives a chronological account of the ancient Greek history. It is now found in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

At this time the foundation stones of the Mysteries were already evident in other cultures--those of Egypt and Asia Minor for example. Several writers report that even Abraham and Moses had knowledge of the Mysteries. There is an interesting story that in Egypt the famous heretical king Amenophis IV-Akhenaten (c. 1350 B.C.), a mystic, had rebelled against the priesthood and the belief in Amun, the powerful god of Thebes. He created the concept of a new god, the "Solar Globe," Aten, who daily exhibited himself in the form of the sun-god Re. Here was the concept of the "all-seeing eye," retaining the design and legend of the ancient god Osiris,⁴ but basically aimed at forming a unified religion free of the priestly stranglehold upon the nation. The noble legend and the image have remained a part of religious lore and still pervade human thought.

But Athens is the hub around which our story revolves. As each new town or locality is mentioned you may want to refer to the map to better visualize the close proximity of one event to another. It is hoped that the events and locale of this story will help give an overview to the fabulous significance of this part of the world. Athens is well-known for its famous Parthenon and the Acropolis on which it stands. We shall need to penetrate the shadowy stone form of this ancient fort and examine it in some detail. Most pictures one sees of the Acropolis fail to convey a true sense of direction or orientation to the surrounding city and countryside. Reference to the maps and pictures may help to give a better total sense of proportion, perspective, and overall location of related points of interest. It seems important that when one mentally stands on this ancient hill in the very shoes of giant figures of the past that there should be this sense of orientation. One should know what they knew!

4. The god of the underworld and lord of the dead, husband of his sister Isis.



20. The Erechtheum on the Acropolis.



This protruding hill called the Acropolis with its ancient buildings has seen a parade of the world's truly great, and of course, a constant and continuing pilgrimage of the curious, who attempt to capture a part of this, the world's history in stone. High on this promontory which overlooks the ancient Agora, Mar's Hill, and the city of Athens below, is another famous structure, the Erechtheum. Located north of the Parthenon, it was formerly distinguished by its six karyatid figures which supported the south porch of the building. It is now undergoing extensive remodeling.

This building was completed in 405 B.C. and dedicated to this legendary Erechtheus; we know that Callimachus did certainly walk under its roof and that he worked within these walls. Some writers claim that even these six karyatid figures which graced the porch were the work of Callimachus. If one of these appeared more recent than the others in the pictures of the building displayed in many books of recent years, it is because the original was removed to England by Lord Elgin, a copy being substituted in its place. The karyatids have now been removed to the Acropolis Museum, located on the back of the hill, to protect them from further atmospheric deterioration. They look tired and certainly show their age. Surely, this revered structure, named after Erechtheus, tied every Greek to a common bond with his past and gave him a sense of national purpose and direction. It was here in this precinct that Athena planted her sacred olive tree. This unity is perhaps best demonstrated through the numerous legends and the history of the Greek kings.

Aristotle, that noble mentor of Alexander the Great and Ptolomy, in his treatise on the Constitution of Athens, reports the lineage of some of the early kings of Athens. The first king was Cecrops, whose remains were reported buried in the Erechtheum. The sculptor Pheidias immortalized Cecrops and his daughter Pandrosos on the left side of the west pediment of the Parthenon. When the Parthenon

21. Theater of Dionysos. Taken from the southern side of the Acropolis.

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22. Karyatid from the Erechtheum porch now in the Acropolis Museum.





24. View of the Nashville Parthenon from the west.



was created the sculptors left a message for all generations on both the east and west pediments, safe above the heads of those who were to pass below. Fortunately, in the last century, drawings were made of these figures before they were destroyed by the ravages of time, collectors, and a direct hit by an artillery shell in the center of the building. Of all the figures, Cecrops is the last remaining on the west pediment. Surely, the first shall be last!

Incidentally, Athens is vibrantly alive in Nashville, Tennessee. Here, the illumination shining at night on their reconstruction of the Parthenon in Centennial Park ignites the imagination. This reconstruction is so complete that Cecrops, his daughter Pandrosos, and all of the missing figures at Athens; yes, even Erechtheus may be seen here. Both the east and west pediments are recreations in stone of all the most important deities as the ancient Greek actually conceived them. It is a point of interest that some one million tourists per year visit this finely researched edifice at Nashville. The structural and architectural format of this memorial to an ancient civilization is a continuing inspiration, but these reconstructed pediments and the sculptured frieze are the truly priceless heritage. In them we see all of the important expressions of the noble Greek minds of the 5th century B.C. as visualized and translated into a perpetual form by the masterwork and direction of the great sculptor Pheidias (Pheidias, Phidias). All of the figures have been artfully reconstructed at Nashville, and their panoramic depth and structure add a noble touch of elegance to the building. This same touch of the ideal has also been recaptured in part of the construction of the British Museum. The three structures all link the past and make it come radiantly alive.

For our purposes, the family of Erechtheus sheds some light on the early inhabitants of Attica, the southern province of Greece which includes Athens.

Erichthonios or Erechtheus (may be two separate individuals) is variously portrayed with a serpent or with a serpent's tail. He is reported in one legend to have so frightened some Athenians on the Acropolis that at his appearance they jumped over the side to their deaths. On the west pediment of the Parthenon he was shown as Athena's charioteer. His daughter Creusa married Xuthus, King of Peloponnesus, who was later banished after the death of Erechtheus. According to legend, Creusa then begat Ion by the god Apollo. Ion was at one time also banished from Greece, but was later recalled to aid the Greeks in battle. A historic figure, legend has it that he founded the tribe of Greeks known as the Ionians. The Ionian Sea is off the northwest coast of the Peloponnesus, just south of the Adriatic Sea, where one finds the famous Ionian islands Cephalonia and the Ithaca of Odysseey fame. The province of Ionia however, lies eastward of Greece on the western coast of Asia Minor. Erechtheus also had another daughter, Orithyia, who married Boreas, the North Wind. They were mentioned in the Hecale of the poet Callimachus who will be discussed later.

Bored by names? Maintain your faith--you are being exposed to a slightly different slant on the many and varied legends of Greece. Many of these legends have a certain basis in truth, as was demonstrated by the excavation of the ancient Troy of Homer, and the home of Agamemnon at Mycene, which were uncovered by the visionary Dr. Schliemann of Germany. Perhaps even Callimachus shall rise again!

The next king after Erechtheus was Pandion, who had four sons, Aegeus, Lycus, Pallas, and Nisus. Each received a fourth part of his kingdom. These four tribes served until the reforms of Cleisthenes in 510 B.C. when ten tribes were formed, named after ten heroes, all but one of whom were native to Attica. Statues commemorating these heroes were placed in the Athenian agora at the foot of the Acropolis. History becomes truly alive when we can go to this exact place and see the manner in which the

25. Location in the ancient agora where the monuments of the Eponymous Heroes stood.

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26. Nike Temple on the Acropolis.



statues were arranged.

Of these four sons of Pandion we are chiefly concerned with Aegeus, after whom the Aegean Sea was named. He had a son, the famous and renowned Theseus, who, while born in Troezen in the Peloponnesus, became later native to the area in Attica known as the deme of Aphidnae. The charming present day city of Aphidnae lies about ten miles northeast of Athens and approximately the same distance from the eastern coast of Attica and the famous plain of Marathon.

This is the same Theseus who captured beautiful Helen of Troy, brought her home and hid her in Aphidnae under the care of his mother. The same Theseus who was thrown down the cliff by Lycomedes; who was described in the *Hecale* of Callimachus of Cyrene as having fought the Bull of Marathon; who was painted in the Poikile Stoa at Athens, in the agora, as having participated in the Battle of Marathon; and who, incidently, was also reported to be ten feet tall. Theseus, a very remarkable figure in Greek legend and history, may even have been an ancestor of Callimachus, who sprang from this same soil at Aphidnae. The poet Euripides in his *The Trojan Women* refers to Theseus:

"Some to the lords of Athens, Theseus' sons."

Aethra, Theseus' mother, the wife of Aegeus, was the daughter of the hero Pittheus and a native of the city of Troezen, which is east of Argos on the coast, in the Peloponnesus. Pittheus was descended of Pelops, King of Peloponnesus. The appearance on the map of the land area in Greece known as the Peloponnesus has been described as a Mulberry leaf and also as a human hand with the little finger missing.

The exploits of Theseus are numerous for he was a leading Greek hero. Theseus and his companion Pirithous captured Helen of Troy as a young girl while she was dancing in the temple of Diana Orthia near Argos. Helen was the daughter of Tyndarus and had two brothers, Castor and Pollux, who were called



28. The Theseus stone at Troezen.



the Dioscuri. They rescued Helen from Theseus. Helen also had a sister, Clytemnestra, who married Agamemnon. Since Troy presumably fell in 1180 B.C., and Agamemnon sailed around 1190 B.C., this would probably place Helen's first abduction, by Theseus, somewhere around 1200 B.C. This is a later date than most historians attribute to Theseus, for some wish to equivocate the second destruction of Knossos, Crete (c. 1350 B.C.), where King Minos' palace was located, with Theseus' battle with the Minotaur. This destruction may have been better related to the severe earthquake which shook the entire Mediterranean in 1447 B.C., particularly the island of Thera (Santorini) just north of Crete.

The story of the Minotaur concerns Theseus and Aegeus, his father. Each year the Athenians were required to send to the city of Knossos in Crete, to the palace of the king, seven boys and seven girls as sacrifices to the Minotaur. This was an Athenian debt because Androgeos, the eldest son of King Minos of Crete, was killed by the sons of Pallas while he was visiting Athens to participate in the athletic games. Theseus determined to end this situation by volunteering to go and kill the Minotaur. He set out with the other victims in a ship with a black sail, agreeing that upon his return, if he were victorious, he would hoist a white sail. However, on his return he neglected to change sails and his father Aegeus, watching from the little temple of Nike Apteros on the edge of the Acropolis saw the black sail and then jumped to his death. This ship of Theseus was preserved for many years. Each year on the anniversary of Theseus' journey it was the custom to sail this ship as part of a religious festival to the island of Delos with a chosen crew of fourteen boys and girls to commemorate the event.

These legends of Theseus have been recorded in numerous writings. Chief among these are: the story of the Minotaur and the Cretan labyrinth, and how Ariadne contrived to lead Theseus out of the maze

by the use of the thread; the story of his father Aegeus leaving his sword and sandals under a heavy stone when Theseus was born, and how, when grown to manhood, he was able to withdraw the sword and go forth on his journey to Athens, choosing to go not by sea but by land, thereby meeting and subduing a host of sundry evildoers along the way. His father Aegeus recognized him by the sword and sandals when he arrived in Athens and he thus became heir to the throne.

The English poet and historian Andrew Lang, 1844-1912, wrote almost one hundred books and collaborated in translating both the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* of Homer. One of his books, *Tales of Troy and Greece*, presents many of these legends of Theseus in a most attractive form. He draws upon his vast background to elevate them to a status beyond the timeless adventure stories that they are.

As an aside, if you are a student of the Greek experiences at Troy, after having read the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, then try the book *The War at Troy*-Quintus of Smyrna by Frederick M. Combellack which was published by the University Press at Norman, Oklahoma. This might be followed by Virgil's *Aeneid* if you are strong on endurance.

Theseus' mother Aethra is mentioned in the third book of the *Iliad* as one of two servants of Helen. This places Theseus' time slot in the Trojan War. Quintus mentions that a son of Theseus was one of those actually in the horse at Troy.

The ancient Grecian poet and writer Euripides was a Theseus fan. His play *Hippolytus* inspired Jean Babbtiste Racine, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to write *Phaedra*, based on the original tragic masterpiece. Ariadne and Phaedra were both daughters of rich King Minos of Crete. (Ariadne, who helped Theseus out of the maze and accompanied him on his homeward voyage, was abandoned by him on the isle of Naxos during a storm. There the god Dionysus is said to have claimed her for his cult. Greek astronomers have named a cons-

tellation for her--the Crown of Ariadne.) In Hippolytus and in Racine's story, Phaedra, a later wife of Theseus, becomes infatuated with his son Hippolytus (her stepson) who rejects her. Both she and Hippolytus meet tragic deaths in Racine's version of the plot.

Theseus had another son named Demophon. Andrew Lang states that Theseus also married Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons, and that the story of their wedding festival is told in Shakespeare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

One source of Greek pride was to be able to claim descent from one of the legendary Greek gods. Most Greeks could recite their genealogy through many generations. I have traced the Athenian kings from the time of Theseus and the Trojan War until the time that Athens was ruled by archons. There is no Callimachus listed among the kings. But Callimachus does appear twice among the lists of archons. Most archons were distinguished citizens who were elected to the post for a period of one year.

Now, let us digress for the moment from our history of the Callimachus "boats" which is to be gleaned from the sundry bits and portions found in the various annals of the past, and return again to the allegory of the legend and the ancient Mysteries.

THE MYSTERIES

The Mysteries were presented in Greece until at least the eighth century A.D.--for more than twenty centuries--thus exerting a tremendous influence. The Mysteries at Eleusis were reported the best in the Greek world. Most of the ancient writers spoke favorably of them. Aristotle said that the Mysteries were the most valuable of all religious institutions. The historian Pausanias, who was also initiated into the Mysteries, regarded them "as the best calculated of all things to lead men to piety." The initiate to the Mysteries came to know the sacred fables which filled him with inspiration. These fables have spread around the world. Their counterparts, with variations, are present in every cult-

ure and religion. The portrayed incidents and allegories were often astronomical, with meanings still more profound lying behind those given as an explanation. Sometimes even these were hidden by double and triple veils; a truth often being revealed by its counterpositive. Then as now, men could hold truth with no certain surety.

The legend presented at Eleusis centered around Demeter (Ceres) and Persephone. Persephone was also known as the Kore, and more frequently, as the "Maid." The legend has the "Maid" being abducted into the underworld by Pluto--the underworld equating to death--which may account for our young lady taken by death in the Vitruvius legend. The "Maid" picked a narcissus when taken by Pluto, hence perhaps the allusion to "acanthus leaves." The reference to a narcissus, acanthus leaves, the iris, the lily, or fleur-de-lis representation are of a phallic nature, worshipping the creative continuance of life. The "Maid's" "pomegranites" or "golden apples" have reproductive allusions. They represent the magic of nature--the secret of growth and plenty. Even today, the intellect of man must stand in servile wonderment and serene contemplation as he considers this glorious "increase"--the great gift of life that springs forth from a tiny seed.

From the *Lysistrata* by Aristophanes, in a chorus of women, we learn how young girls participated in the religious ritual of the Mysteries. At the age of seven, the girl who is speaking carried a sacred box in the procession. Next she became a miller-maid who ground meal at the shrine of Athena. She wore the much-decorated beautiful saffron robe of Athena and played the part of Brauronia's Bear. Still later she walked as a basket-bearer wearing chains of figs. All of these were the graceful duties of a well-bred Athenian girl. The sacred box contained religious objects connected with the worship of Athena in the Erechtheum. The miller-maid ground the flour for the sacred cakes which were carried and offered to Athena. At Braurion, in Attica, young girls represented

themselves as bears (the saffron robe, sometimes fancifully decorated and called the "peplos," was a substitute for a more primitive bearskin) and worshipped Artemis. In the Panathenaic procession certain of these girls carried baskets on their heads. The Caryatids of the Erechtheum have baskets on their heads and may be representative functionaries of the Mystery rites.

There is a story that relates how the bear girls came into being. When King Agamemnon was preparing to sail for Troy he made a vow to the goddess Artemis which he failed to keep. He was delayed by high seas, and in order to calm them the goddess demanded the sacrifice of his beautiful daughter Iphigenia. Sadly acquiescing, he permitted the sacrifice to be carried out. But without his knowledge the girl was taken away to a place along the eastern coast of Attica called Tauris and an animal was substituted in her place for the sacrifice. At Tauris she later became a priestess of Artemis. Years later, after her brother Orestes had slain his mother Clytemnestra to avenge his father's (Agamemnon) cruel death, Orestes and his friend Pylades appeared at the temple. In order to cure the madness brought on by the murder of his mother, Orestes had been ordered to steal the wooden statue of Artemis from the temple. When Iphigenia discovered his identity she helped him steal the statue and the trio fled to Brauron where a temple was built to house the statue. Iphigenia became priestess of the temple, and in her attendance were children known as bears because that animal had replaced her as an offering at the sacrifice years before. This cult soon spread to Athens, where the Sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia was built on the Acropolis near the Nike Temple. It is the related events of the yearly Panathenaic festival which are represented on the frieze which surrounds the Parthenon. After the celebration in Athens, the procession moved out of the agora past Kerameikos Cemetery and toward Eleusis to participate in the Mysteries of Demeter.

There is an interesting story preserved by Diodorus of Sicily which tells of the use of the basket in the Panathenaic festival and which also teaches a moral lesson. He relates that once the daughter of Peisistratus was carrying the sacred basket in the procession. A brazen young lad stepped forward and with a superior air kissed the girl. Her brothers grabbed the youth and took him before Peisistratus who laughed and asked of them the question: "How shall we deal with those who hate us if we punish those who love us?"

In the Eleusian Mysteries the basket was round, highly decorated, and carried on the head in the procession. The contents were secret but those who speculate say that they may have contained meal or food for Demeter, pomegranates, and various other religious objects. In the Egyptian Mysteries the basket may have been more like that of a box for the legend was portrayed in a different manner. The part of the nurse in the Vitruvius legend was likely portrayed by Isis in the Egyptian version, and perhaps by Demeter in the Eleusian Mysteries. This "earth mother" Demeter was held in serene reverence by the Greeks.

The ritual at Eleusis celebrated the renewal of life in the spring and also presented a hope for an after-life of bliss in that dark underworld which the average Greek really believed in. The Panathenaic festive activities began several days in advance of those which were to take place at Eleusis. The candidates were prepared at Athens by purification rites and instruction, and the city was on holiday. On the appointed day the procession was assembled and then proceeded from the agora toward Eleusis with great rejoicing and expectation.

The myth presented at Eleusis tells the story of Persephone (or Kore, the girl) gathering flowers. When she picked a narcissus, the earth opened up and Plouton, the god of the underworld, swept her away in his chariot to his kingdom. Demeter, while searching for her daughter, came to the well at

Eleusis. She was received with great respect by the people of Eleusis and she asked them to build her a temple. Then she went into recluse which caused a famine to rage in the land and the god Zeus was then forced to require Plouton to return Persephone. But Plouton first gave her a pomegranite to eat which ensured that she would have to return and spend the winter months with him. Thus she was able to return and partake of the joy of spring and the bloom of the earth once again. Triptolemos, who was an Eleusian prince and possible son of Plouton and Persephone, was sent out into the world to teach the art of agriculture. Here there is the eternal parallel with that of human life and the life of the seed and earth's renewal in the spring.

Euripides in the *Bacchae* speaks of Demeter: "she is the Earth." Aristophanes in *The Frogs* calls Demeter: "the harvest queen, the giver of corn." The well of Demeter and the cave called the Ploutonium where Persephone appeared in the celebration of the Mystery can still be seen at Eleusis. The fear of earthquakes and of being swallowed up by the earth is very understandable in a land which is constantly threatened by them. The roar of the earth in such circumstances has been likened to that of a bull, which perhaps explains the Greek rapport with the legends of the Bull of Marathon and the Minotaur of Crete.

The Mysteries captivated the minds of those initiated. This is well demonstrated by the historian Eunapis⁵ who wrote concerning the emperor Julian.⁶ Julian fought the last great battle representing the Greek polytheism against the onrushing forces of Constantine's⁷ Christianity. He wrote that the

5. Philostratus and Eunapis, ed. W.C. Wright, Cambridge, Mass.: Loeb Classical Library, Harvard University Press, 1921, pp. 439-440.
6. Flavius Claudius Julianus, Roman emperor 361-363 A.D., called Julian the Apostate.
7. Constantine I, first Christian emperor of Rome, founder of the Byzantine Empire, c. 288-337 A.D.

Roman emperor Julian was captivated when he heard that there was a higher wisdom possessed by the hierophant of the goddesses in Greece and he went to him for instruction. This hierophant was descended from the hereditary priests of Demeter at Eleusis and, while it was unlawful for Eunapis to reveal his name, he did reveal that it was he who initiated him into the Mysteries. Later, Julian summoned this hierophant from Greece and with his aid they together performed certain rites which they alone knew and Julian thus mustered up the courage to abolish the tyranny of Constantius, who was the son of Constantine.

In an earlier time, when the political climate was freely influenced by the Mysteries, Plato wrote *The Republic* which described the ideal solution to the problems of government by the use of an elite ruling class. His relationship to the reality of his day becomes somewhat evident in Paul MacKendrick's treatise on *The Athenian Aristocracy*! One may therein surmise that a select circle, by intermarriage and the retention of landholding and hereditary powers, in reality ruled Athens for hundreds of years. Callimachus was a member of this aristocracy, of the Kerykes Gene; certainly one of the most outstanding, if only by sheer number, of the some two dozen gennetai who have left an important historical imprint, as recorded by Mr. MacKendrick for the period from 399 to 31 B.C. Certainly, the name of Callimachus may be said to be associated with an especial breed of men!

The "fit" of all the parts of the Callimachus legend may not be at all apparent, but remember, for the initiate of these ancient times there were the lesser and the greater Mysteries at Eleusis. Some fix the time-lapse as one, others as five years, before the initiate could fully participate in the greater Mysteries and become an Epopt. He obtained then the "secrets" which in reality probably concealed in allegory a monotheistic concept of the universe and the astronomical knowledge of the day.



30. Looking eastward toward the stadium entrance at Olympia.



Do not underestimate the wide scope of the intellect which was possessed by these curious Greeks. Much about the Mysteries and this covering legend of Callimachus is as yet a tale not told! The facts about these still unrevealed secrets of the Mysteries were probably preserved upon the pain of ostracism and possibly of death. The shroud of mystery that frames many a wondrous narrative is all the more to be revered for the mental concepts which it sometimes artfully conceals. Thus it is for the magnificent Greek gods and their numerous legends. They have deeply infected the Greek soul.

In 540 B.C., two hundred thirty six years after the Olympics were first begun, it was the time for the 60th Olympiad. The Ionians of Asia Minor had been invaded by the Persians. Many skilled Ionians who were craftsmen and artisans immigrated to the islands and to Athens and became citizens. Art truly began to flourish. Only four years before, Praxidamas of the island of Aegina became the first athlete to have a statue dedicated at Olympia. Theodorus, a famous sculptor of the island of Samos discovered the melting of iron and the moulding of images in this year. And it has been written that Callimachus delivered up his masterpiece--the Corinthian capital--at the 60th Olympiad.

Now you have discovered the legend and its possible relationship to the ancient Mystery Religions. No one can determine with certainty when this column was invented, or that it was invented in its present form. It did evolve. But if it was not patent with this Callimachus, then perhaps part of the germ of the idea was his, and one of his descendants probably made the final consummation.

The genius of this sculptor, his ability to give form and realism to the beauty of an idea, was not to be limited to mere creations in stone. This same knack for capturing creative thought and translating it into action seems to be perpetuated in all of his descendants. While the history of our first Callimachus is vague, the Battle of Marathon rec-

ords a Callimachus of Aphidnae very truly in the flesh. We shall dwell with him in the next chapter.



31. Mound at Marathon where Callimachus and 191 other Athenians who died in the Battle of Marathon are buried.

CHAPTER FOUR

MARATHON

Desolate and majestic the mountains of Marathon
here repose-

Towering witnesses who refuse to speak of those;
Who onetime gave their lives for freedom's gain,
And forsaking all, died upon this sacred plain.



32. View of the bay of Marathon from atop the
burial mound. The Hynosura Promontory is visible
about five miles away at upper left.

In the summer of 490 B.C. King Darius' Persian fleet sailed across the Aegean Sea from Ionia on the coast of Asia Minor. He was first intent on conquering the city of Eretria on the northwest coast of the island Euboea, which adjoins the province of Attica to the west. Next, he would attempt to conquer the Athenians. This action was in revenge for the aid which the Eretrians and Athenians had offered in the Ionian revolt in Asia Minor against Persia. It was in this campaign that the Athenian general Miltiades gained experience in fighting the Persians, who were ghastly opponents to behold because of their long hair and fearsome armor.

The Eretrians who were now under seige, called upon the Athenians for aid against the Persian commander Datis. The Athenians responded by sending a force of some four thousand men to their aid. Fortunately, upon their arrival they were warned by Aeschines, one of the leading men of Eretria, that the city was about to surrender. Eretria, an ancient city whose walls opened upon the sea, lies on the western side of the island province of Euboea just across the channel and north of the plain of Marathon in Attica. These four thousand Athenians then wisely withdrew westward across the channel to the area of the city of Oropus, which is about sixteen miles north of the town of Marathon. Later, they moved on southward and joined the gathering Greeks at Marathon, swelling the forces in the mountains to around ten thousand men.

The seige at Eretria lasted six days. The city was betrayed on the seventh day. All the inhabitants were enslaved and the city was razed to the ground. Even today in the area which has been excavated there is very little which projects above ground level. This Persian army which took Eretria is said to have numbered around one hundred thousand persons. They decided to leave a part of their force, about twenty thousand men and some horses, in the marshes toward the north and on the coastal plain around

33. View of Attica in distance from the beach at Eretria. 63



34. Olympic marker outside the village of Marathon.



Marathon. The Persian Datis evidently hoped to move an inland force from Marathon toward Athens and then to launch an additional frontal attack from the sea, landing his greater seaborne army at the Phaleron Bay area (where the modern Athens airport is located) and then advancing northward on Athens.

The assembled Greek forces in the mountains at Marathon were under the charge of ten generals, one for each tribe, and before they left Athens, they sent the Athenian runner Pheidippides to the city of Sparta in the Peloponnesus to request Spartan aid. The distance from Athens to Sparta is about one hundred sixty miles, so Pheidippides must have left very early in the morning, for he, according to the historian Herodotus, "reached Sparta the very next day after quitting the city of Athens." If he were able to average six miles per hour, this run would have taken twenty seven and one half hours! Having examined some of the mountainous terrain which he had to cover, I find him to have been an extraordinary ridge-runner! Herodotus is known to have slightly stretched his stories on other occasions. While no others seem to have duplicated his feat in later times, I still believe he may have really made the trip in this approximate time.

Herodotus says that when Pheidippides arrived in Sparta he went before the rulers and said: "Men of Lacedaemon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid, and not allow that state, which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria is already carried away captive, and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

It was then the ninth day of the month, and because of their established religious law the Spartans refused to come to their aid until the full of the moon. When they finally arrived in Athens, on the third day after leaving the city of Sparta with a force of two thousand, the battle was over. They went on to Marathon to view the Persian dead, then congratulated the Athenians and returned home.

But during the battle, the Athenians were not

completely without aid. At an earlier time they had aided the inhabitants of a town called Plataea, about thirty miles northwest of Athens, in their battle against the Thebians. The Athenians now called upon them for help. The Plataeans gratefully (and to save their own necks) sent a force of one thousand men who fought fiercely as they formed the left wing of the Greek frontal attack which advanced on the Persians.

As the forces gathered at Marathon, the ten generals were equally divided in opinion as to whether they should risk an engagement against such an overwhelming force. The general Miltiades was for fighting without delay, and in order to break a deadlock in opinion, he went to the polemarch, or war archon, Callimachus of Aphidnae, asking for his vote and support.

This appeal caused Callimachus to make a decidedly pivotal choice, one which balanced freedom, security, and risk, as opposed to certain slavery. By this choice he lost his life and thus gained immortality and the eternal favor of his nation. And with that choice he gave the Greeks a tenacious hold on that illusive thing called freedom. The bones of Callimachus and those of his compatriots who gave their lives in this great cause lie in the memorial mound at Marathon. He is at rest not far from his home of Aphidnae, just a few miles to the northwest.

The command of the army rotated daily with the generals. Several days now passed, each general in favor of fighting giving up his command in favor of Miltiades. But Miltiades decided to wait for his day to command to arrive before setting the battle in array. Facing eastward toward the sea, the Athenians formed a line across the beach. On the right, by virtue of his office, Callimachus formed his right wing. On the extreme left wing were the Plataeans, and in between were the remaining tribes of the Athenians. In order to accomodate the length of the Persian line, the depths of the ranks were made weak at the center and strong at the ends.

The two forces were separated by about a mile and at the proper moment the Greeks charged forward in close order at a run. The Persians were astounded by this tactic for the Greeks did not have horsemen or archers. In hand-to-hand combat the Persians after a length of time were able to penetrate the weak center of the Greek line and pursued them inland. But the ends of the line were stronger and they were able to hold and then turn inward and close on the Persians. Some Persians attempted to escape by sea, but the Greeks tried to fire their fleet and successfully captured seven ships. It was in this last action that Callimachus lost his life.

The Persians are said to have lost six thousand four hundred men in the battle, while the Athenians lost only one hundred ninety two. The Medes must have been stunned by such a disproportionate loss. They now withdrew across the water to the island of Euboea and joined the Persians there. Taking the Eretrian prisoners, their fleet then sailed southward around Cape Sunium, off the southern coast of Attica, moving then northward and coming to off the city of Phaleron. This city was then the harbor for Athens. The Persians hoped to move on Athens before the Greek army could return from Marathon.

THE MARATHON RUNNER

The story of Marathon is incomplete without the legend of the Marathon runner. We learn from Herodotus that the victorious Greeks had immediately dispatched a runner for Athens who, having run the distance of twenty two miles, informed the Athenian rulers of the victory and then collapsed and died. Here the name Marathon runner originated. This runner probably made the distance in about two and one quarter hours! Now, the race is run in the Olympics but the Olympic committee in nineteen twenty four, in order to standardize the distance, made the length twenty six miles and three hundred eighty five yards (about 26.2 miles).

There are several questions that arise concerning the Marathon race. First, while most recent comment-

aries relate that it was Pheidippides who ran from Marathon to Athens and then collapsed and died, the ancient writers disagree. Pheidippides was the most famous runner in all of Greece. He had just made this extraordinary run from Athens to Sparta and had arrived on the ninth day of the month. The battle is now computed to have taken place on the fourteenth of September. It seems highly doubtful that he would have had the energy to return to Athens much ahead of the Spartans. Thus, the Marathon runner was surely another man.

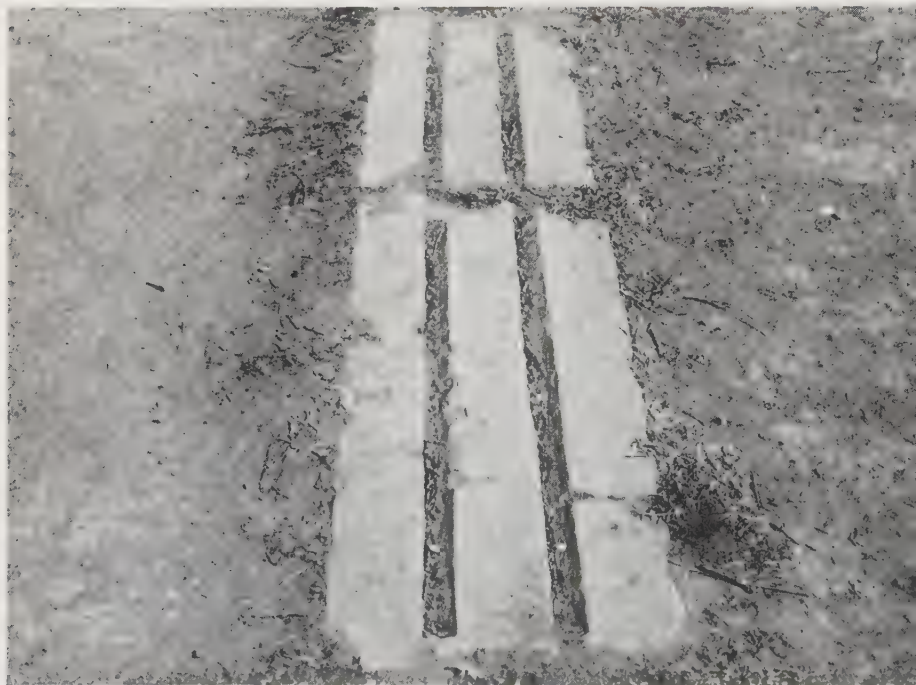
Why the exact distance of twenty six miles and three hundred eighty five yards? The distance from Marathon to the Olympic Stadium in Athens is about twenty four miles. The Greeks hold the Marathon race unofficially every year. There is a direct relationship to the track in the ancient stadium in Olympia, one which can still be seen; it is a straight parallel course of 197.27 meters in length (210.27 yards). Runners ran to the end of the track and returned, on some occasions up to twenty nine times. This track, covered two hundred twenty times computes just nine inches short of the present official distance. The length of a bare human foot in the starting toe-holds?

In the nineteen hundred and eight London Olympic Games, the Princess of Wales started the Marathon race at Windsor Castle, the runners going to the stadium at Shepherds Bush in London. This distance of twenty six miles and three hundred eighty five yards has been the commonly accepted standard since that time. This was done to give the royal grandchildren at Windsor a treat and to add the royal presence to the games. We have then, an accidental and coincidental distance relationship to the ancient Olympic games, and another like relationship, all due to a royal whim, which determined this distance and nevertheless honors the ancient runner from Marathon.

In modern times Olympic games have been held twice in the Athens area. In eighteen ninety six, in the



36. Starting toe-holds in the track at Olympia.



very first of the revived games, an unknown Greek shepherd named Spiridon Loues became a national hero by winning the race in two hours, fifty five minutes and twenty two seconds. In nineteen hundred and six the games were held in and off-year (the Olympics historically occur every four years). Canadian W.J. Sherring excelled by a near four minutes the time of the Greek shepherd.

One Marathon runner who became a close counterpart of the legendary Pheidippides by setting the record in Rome in nineteen sixty was the Ethiopian palace guard Bikola Abebe. He is said to have trained in shoes, but ran the Marathon barefoot, being more comfortable without them! He bettered previous records by more than eight minutes. After the race he said: "The Marathon distance is nothing for me. I could have kept going and gone around the course another time without difficulty." His average speed for the course was 11.64 miles per hour!

He demonstrated the feeling of exhilaration a runner obtains after getting his "second-wind"--an experience unequalled by any other. Running is addictive. The mind seems to separate from the body and almost effortlessly one floats with the greatest of ease; the wind rushes past the body, the landscape moves by almost trancelike. All of the better distance runners seem to shift into this rhythmic cadence, an effortless floating feeling where the body almost moves by the mere propulsion of the mind alone.

Now, having run the race, let us return to the battle. The Athenians, leaving the battlefield under forced march, arrived at Athens before the appearance of the barbarian fleet and were in wait for them. The Persians, smarting from their wounds at Marathon, found little hope in their new position and so soon departed for Asia. But the Persians a few years later were to return again, coming by land with one of the largest military forces the world had probably yet seen. Now, once more, just ten years after Marathon, a Greek hero was to rally and inspire

the nation. The late arriving Spartans at Marathon were now to be placed above reproach and to become symbolic of the eternal hand that seems to mysteriously support the torch of freedom against adversity.

Now, in four hundred eighty B.C., it was at Thermopylae, just one hundred twenty five miles north of Athens, that Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans withstood the Persian horde, dying at the last as martyrs for the nation. With this inspiration, the Greeks then rallied and defeated the Persians in an naval engagement at Salamis, an island immediately off the west coast from the city of Athens. The Athenians once more met the Persian attempt on their nation, but Athens was sacked and the buildings on the Acropolis laid waste. A final land engagement in four hundred seventy nine B.C. at Plataea all but ended the Persian dream of conquest.

We have an acquaintance now with Callimachus the polemarch, the commander of the forces at Marathon. He was a man faced with a choice. The general Miltiades attempted to define this choice for him, but the decision to stand and fight belonged to Callimachus. The philosopher Isocrates has stated that a man reveals his true character under adversity. This was never better demonstrated than on this day at Marathon when Callimachus "made the contest" for all of us and gave his life in the common cause of future humanity and freedom.

The Persian loss at Marathon destroyed the possibility for a quick victory. Without a detracting force coming across the Attic peninsula from Marathon to merge with those coming in from a beachhead in the Phaleron area, Datis probably realized he was soon to face a newly arriving fierce Spartan foe and the possibility of an even greater disaster. If the victorious Greeks from Marathon joined forces with the Trojans coming into Athens, then Datis probably reckoned that he would face great losses, a lengthy battle, and that the logistics of supply would eventually cause his defeat.

After the Battle of Marathon, the Athenians commemorated the victory in many ways. They dedicated on the Acropolis a marble female flying figure to the honor of Callimachus the polemarch of Marathon. The inscription stated that "he made the contest" in the grove of Marathon defending the sons of Athens from slavery.

The Battle of Marathon was also commemorated in the "painted colonnade" or Stoa Poikile. This structure was located in the northern part of the ancient agora in Athens. The Stoa was built around four hundred sixty B.C. by Kimon's brother-in-law Peisianax. The walls were decorated with pictures on panels so that the passer-by could admire them. Three famous painters had murals there: Polygnotos--The Sack of Troy; Mikon--The Battle of the Amazons; and Panaenus--The Battle of Marathon. Panaenus was the brother of the Parthenon sculptor Pheidias. He also executed paintings for the Temple of Zeus at Olympia where Pheidias created his forty foot statue of Zeus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. This temple was built before the Parthenon, between four hundred sixty eight and four hundred fifty six B.C. The historian Pausanias vividly described this wall as he saw it in his time. How grand it must have been to see this vivid panorama in its own gracious originality. One can only visualize with the mind's eye as the maps and reconstructions of the agora build, along with the descriptive sentences of Pausanias, a viable picture that may only approximate the original.

These years heralded an awakening hope and an enlightened spirit which now began to abound in the nation. The sword of Damocles that hung over Greece had for a time been removed and a new song was alive in a fertile land. A dedicated leader was soon to emerge to direct this great moving force of renewed vitality, inspiring the people to remarkable achievement. In a funeral oration this new leader called Pericles reflected a spirit of thanksgiving for the sacrifices which now afforded the people hope and

37. Remains of the statue dedicated to Callimachus of Aphidnae found in the Acropolis Museum.



38. The Parthenon and Acropolis.



new expectations for the future. He said:¹

"For the whole world is the sepulchre of famous men, and it is not the epitaph upon monuments set up in their own land that alone commemorates them, but also in lands not their own there abides in each breast an unwritten memorial of them, planted in the heart rather than graven on stone."

This seems to be a fitting epitaph for Callimachus of Aphidnae. It is of some interest that the word Callimachus may be interpreted as "beautiful fighter" from the Greek. Several of his descendants retained this apt correlation between their name and occupation. The next Callimachus we shall discuss may have been the son of the polemarch of Marathon. He falls into the proper time-slot, and there seems ample evidence that the line was continued.

We leave now the plain of Marathon, the site of the world's most famous battle, and return to Athens, the city whose Acropolis still stands to illuminate the world with its noble history.

1. Thucydides, tr. C. Forster Smith, Cambridge, Mass.: Loeb Classical Library, Harvard University Press, V. I, Book II, XLIII, page 337.

CHAPTER FIVE

BEAUTIFUL GREECE

The flight to Athens was on a DC10 and the cabin temperature was fortunately warmer than on the Delta flight coming over from the United States. Luckily, I received a window seat. My camera was at the ready for my first glimpse of Greece. I had read many travel books on Greece and somehow knew what to expect, but the thrill of actually going there and seeing all of these magnificent things of the past in the real is quite different.

It was a beautiful day in Frankfort with a welcome sun and fairly clear skies. This was a Lufthansa flight with a German crew and the plane was only about half full. There was a large tour group of Japanese passengers who were stopping off at Athens on their way home. They kept to themselves and I casually studied them with great curiosity. They are a meticulous and intelligent people, probably now the most mobile nation in the world with their financial advantage.

It was with a certain sadness and remorse that I left Frankfort and the beautiful German countryside, for I knew that I probably would not pass this way again. In a few minutes we taxied out to the long runway, the powerful engines drove us upward and we were airborne. Frankfort very soon dissolved in the high dense cloud cover. I had come to Germany to find Apollo, to see the countryside, and to listen to the sounds of a tongue not my own. It had been my hope to also visit the city of Oberammergau, see the Passion Play, and to learn more of the legend of Alois Lang. But time and Greece beckoned me onward. Not long after we had passed over Munich the clouds would occasionally clear and allow a view of the ground. The mountains looked strange--baren and rockbound, without snow--like a fancy contour map. Then the weather socked-in again and the cloud cover did not now break until we were near Athens. The first view of the ground occurred at Chalkis, where the channel peeked through and the whole outline of

the southern tip of the island Euboea was visible for just a few seconds. The outline looked just like that on the map. Dropping below the clouds and coming around into the Phaleron area south of Athens, where the airport is located, you could see part of the outline of Attica. The green-blue water in the harbor was so clear that you could see all the way to the bottom and the boats below appeared to be setting on glass. There were many boats of every kind out on the sea. All along this coast are fine resorts and homes. Upon landing, a carrier bus took us to the airport from the plane and we were dispatched into the customs area. The reception area seemed rather drab compared to those others in Atlanta and Frankfurt. They lined us up at a few windows and the Greek inspectors slowly examined the passports, argued among themselves, and then allowed us to go to the second floor where eventually the rest of our luggage arrived. We then lined up to go through baggage inspection. The boy in front of me had to open his luggage for inspection. But the inspector looked at me and the few pieces of baggage which I carried and waved me on through. Outside, in front of the airport entrance, there was a bus to Athens for fifty drachmas (a little more than a dollar). It was full, but I stuffed my luggage through the aisle and stood up in the back for the several miles to Athens.

I stayed on the bus until it arrived at Sindagma Square in the center of Athens. It was packed with people, most of whom seemed to be on holiday. It was impossible to get a taxi. I slowly moved through the crowds, walking in the general direction of the Holiday Inn as it was shown on their map. Immersing myself in the sound and bustle, the smells, and the strangely different charismatic aura of this wonderful city for the better part of an hour, I suddenly came to a busy circular intersection. Here there was a small iron pen alongside the curb where the people lined up and were then hustled into cabs by a superintendent. The system seemed to

be really working so I showed the super the name of the hotel which was printed on a piece of paper. He couldn't read it, but one of his friends could, and he wrote it out in Greek so that the driver would know where to go. This was effective and we finally arrived at the hotel, which turned out to be located in an entirely different direction from that toward which I had been proceeding. Even with a city map it was a hard place to find, and most taxi drivers didn't seem to know the location.

The Holiday Inn was first class, as usual, and I was greeted at the desk by a second Cary Grant. He spoke excellent English and wished me a pleasant stay. The room was nice---prototaxis, as they say in Greek. Leaving the luggage in the room and taking the camera equipment, I wasted no time in having the doorman hail a cab and proceeded forthwith to the Parthenon. Even after seeing many pictures of the city and studying the maps, the real thing is much different from the mental concept one forms of the city. It is almost impossible to collate this whole area into some sort of concise package. There are the geographical directions, the sea, several surrounding mountains, and the agora and theater areas, all of which you must try to converge, the old city with the modern.

The cab driver let me off at the foot of the steps to the Propylea. The broad walk upward was of many slick cobblestones polished by the trek of many feet and walking upward was a slow process. Just below the Parthenon entranceway was a ticket office and, nearby, a collection of hawkers selling pictures and literature. Once inside, upward and on my right was the Nike Temple. Much of the ornamental frieze is still visible. Some of the work on this frieze was believed to have been the work of Callimachus.

The Parthenon is now roped off and inside entrance is prohibited. Here, as in many other instances on the trip, the fine zoom lens on the camera was indispensable. In like manner, the Erechtheum is also fenced off. The Caryatid figures which once graced

the south porch have all been removed to the museum and the entire structure is being renovated. I envy visitors of an earlier era who were permitted to view the interior of both buildings. Athena's olive tree is doing well; however one must remember that it has been replanted. The Acropolis affords an enthralling view of the city and I made a complete photographic tour of its perimeter, recording the landmarks. The archeological finds of the Acropolis are housed in an interesting museum in back of the Parthenon on the eastern side at a lower level, placed so as to not detract from the ancient format.

After several hours of browsing and taking a multitude of photographs, the guards blew their dog-whistles and we tourists had to leave. Walking down the path from the Propylea I noticed another area to the right where people were beginning to assemble, and to my delight discovered they were having the famous Sound and Light performance at eight, so that there were only fifteen minutes to wait. The performance takes place after dark, and lasts an hour. Seating is in an open-air area about a quarter mile distant and to the west of the Parthenon. The spectacle is impressive, but the total illumination does not seem to approach that used in Nashville's Capitol Building.

After the performance, being unable to get a cab, my pedal extremities slowly carried me down narrow dark streets filled with many shops and the homes of some of the poorer people of Athens. As usual, I was soon lost and had to ask directions at a corner kiosk. Both the father and son who ran the kiosk spoke English and they soon headed me in the right direction toward my hotel. I don't think they could comprehend an American walking all that distance at night. One must always manage to get lost in order to be found again.

Eventually straggling into Sindagma Square and stopping at a kiosk for refreshment, I sat down to rest. Suddenly a cab driver appeared, just waiting for hire. He spoke English and knew where the hotel

was located. He also reported that he had been to Portland, Oregon, all of which, needless to say, earned him a good tip.

My mental pedometer registered about thirty miles for the day and my poor feet were receiving large-size blisters from a pair of new shoes. After washing off the dust of the trail I tried my hand at watching Greek television. My effort to learn the language from Berlitz tapes was not really adequate. There were some old Italian and American movies and the news reports showed fleeting pictures of the American election participants. Our country doesn't seem to be nearly as important here as we would like to think it is at home.

On the fourteenth I arose early, dressed and went downstairs to the breakfast buffet. Scrambled eggs. Rolls, Greek jellies and marmalade, and other delicacies--and nescafe. You either drink nescafe or Greek coffee, which comes in a tiny porcelain cup about an inch in diameter. The coffee is very strong and heavy--almost chocolate-like. It comes with a pure cool glass of Greek water to wash the coffee down. This is consumed at leisure for it is meant to be savored. The taste for it can surely be acquired, but it is probably harder for an American to accept the leisure of the custom.

The doorman hailed a cab to take me to the National Museum where I hoped to photograph several specimens of statuary which have a relationship to certain parts of this book. The place was crowded and it was sometimes difficult to get a clear shot that was devoid of people. But with patience and by using the waiting time to locate objects in adjoining rooms, this was patiently accomplished. One such statue which I particularly wished to photograph was in a room which had been mysteriously blocked off with a bench, so that entry was prohibited. Asking no questions, I whipped out my little camera tripod, and having previously set the range on the zoom lens, set the tripod on the bench and rapidly garnered several photos which, to my later elation, turned

out quite well. The guard moved toward me to make objection for some reason, but I was already folding my tripod and quickly moved on. Photographing from fifteen feet or more and without a flash, it is hard to see what the objection would be. I had paid the photographic fee to take these pictures and saw no good reason why an arbitrary guard should deny that privilege. There is no doubt that this museum houses the most extensive collection of artifacts in all of Greece. It is a must for every visitor to Athens.

Once again outside in the bright Greek sunshine I circled the block around the museum trying to correlate Greek street names on the corners of buildings with those on the city map. Easily locating 28 October Street, otherwise known as Pattison Street, the trail now moved south through the closely packed and interesting streets. Nursing the blisters on my feet, I leisurely hobbled toward the ancient agora which lies to the north of the Acropolis. Along the way I discovered the Tower of the Winds, which is still a beautiful Roman structure that employed Corinthian columns used externally. The area where this is found is located northeast of the Acropolis and also contains the remains of an old Roman Agora.

Moving on toward the northern base of the Acropolis I entered the ancient Greek agora in front of the Acropolis, by the way of a timeless Byzantine church. It has a beautiful exterior, and moving inside past wooden doors you come into the small interior to a cella in the center of the church which is framed by four columns and this area also has a magnificent mosaic tile floor.

Outside again and moving northwestward I located the spot where the monuments to the heroes once stood. On the western side of the agora on a small hill stands the Theseum which is still in remarkable condition. Standing on its porch, the area where the ancient Panathenian Way left the agora toward Eleusis is visible. This road passed by the Painted Stoa



40. Monument of Lysicrates.





42. Lysicrates-style monument on the state capitol
building at Nashville.



43. Arch of Hadrian with the Temple of Zeus in the background. Taken from the Acropolis looking southeast.



44. Olympic Stadium at Athens.



with the magnificent action murals described by Pausanias. Looking eastward across the agora is the Stoa of Attalus, a Roman addition, which I left for another day.

Returning homeward, I sat down on a curb by a kiosk, ate an ice cream, nursed my aching feet, and studied the map. Rising and casually wandering around several blocks, trying to translate the small street signs fastened on the corners of buildings, my weary feet eventually returned to within a block of the place where I first set down to rest. Here, surrounded by modern buildings in an almost unnoticeable setting, was the Monument of Lysicrates which I certainly wanted to examine and photograph. One of the Corinthian columns seemed much better preserved than the others and made an excellent close-up. It probably has been restored.

Moving on, only about three blocks away toward the east, the Arch of Hadrian appeared, and then in an adjoining area which is open like a park, one sees the Olympieion or the Temple of Olympian Zeus, with its tall Corinthian columns that maintain a stately vigil over a busy city as most Athenians passing by pay them little heed. From the size of the columns and the amount of space they occupy, this may have been one of the most spacious temples in all of Greece.

It had been a long day and the weary traveler needed to partake of a universal Greek custom--that of enjoying a meal at an outside restaurant. The natives erect a tent by the side of the broad sidewalks and place the tables and chairs underneath in a very comfortable and homey arrangement. The sides of the tents have roll-up flaps to be used should the chill of the wind become too great at night. It is the custom in Greece for the shopkeeper merchants to take an afternoon break from business for a couple of hours. Most shops observe this rule because they stay open very late at night. These pleasant tented gathering spots are the Greek social centers where the natives in every town are wont to

congregate and enjoy life.

Near the restaurant was the park called the National Garden and I walked into this area near its center where a large building called the Zappeion is located. There is a large paved pavilion surrounding this area, and nearby in an outdoor restaurant a band was playing lively Greek music. It was still daylight so I photographed the area and sat for a while listening to the strange delightful music. Later, walking out of a southern exit from the park, I came to the famous Olympic Stadium and of course, had to survey the area. The Stadium is in current use for cultural events and is kept in a state of good repair. It has a large paved area in front of the Stadium and does not appear any different from our own football stadiums found across the country. The hotel was three or four miles further on, through a residential area and it was some time before I inched my way into the very busy lobby of the hotel and up to my room.

The next morning, after breakfast, I called a car rental office to see if they were open for business, and then took a taxi to visit their agency in the downtown area. The taxi driver buzzed through the city, commenting that the traffic was not too bad today because it was a religious holiday (glancing respectfully at the several religious icons fastened to the window visors above his head) and he stated that most people leave the city during this time to visit relatives or the beaches. The office was on the sixth floor of a downtown building and the manager there ordered a driver to deliver me to their main office near the airport. There, after the red-tape ritual, and upon the placement of a substantial deposit, the young man at the desk installed me in an unadorned Volkswagen and directed me to a gas station down the street where the tank could be filled. It seems you drive in here upon returning, with an empty tank, as in contrast to the practice in Germany of filling the tank upon return. The Volkswagen was marked across the top of the windshield

with the identifying logos of the Greek rental agency which easily marks the driver as a tourist. The friendly folk in other cars continually greet you with a beep-beep. This happened so often that I became self-conscious that surely something I was doing was wrong.

Out in the country area, I found the Athens taxi driver to be correct. The traffic was heavy and there was a picnic and carnival-type atmosphere. The road to Marathon reminded me of some areas in Florida which are close to the beaches. Were it not for the traffic, it would not be hard to visualize a pounding group of Marathon runners moving relentlessly toward Athens, the hot asphalt clicking to the sound of their feet. The starting point for the race is on the Athens side of the small town of Marathon. It is a wide spot where the road bends sharply into the town; there is a pavilion with a number of flagpoles for the flags of all the international participants. In the center of the area is an Olympic marker which is framed against a stone backdrop.

Proceeding into and through the small town with its narrow unmarked streets, you pass a pretty church and cemetery as the road wends upward into the hills before it slopes downward again toward the sea. The Marathon area is not now quite as one would expect to find it after reading the Herodotus accounts. It was only by accident that I luckily stumbled upon the mound where the one hundred ninety two Athenians who died in the Battle of Marathon were buried. While rambling around various small roads or cowpaths that led to the beaches, I suddenly noticed an unmarked fenced-in area with olive trees all around. In the center was a huge dirt mound with splotched areas of brown scrub grass growing upon it. Following the fence down the road and around to the other side, there was an entrance, so I parked the car and went in. Here, in this grove, for the first time, I studied the make-up of an olive tree. The gray-green leaves have a way of glistening in the

Greek sun unlike any other tree. I plucked an olive from one of the trees. It appeared exactly as a green cherry, and should you lay one next to the other it would be difficult to tell them apart. The story is told that if one plants a grove of olive trees when he is young and cares for them, then he will have wealth in his old age. Later, in one area of Greece, I saw several people collect the ripe crop. They place a cloth at some distance around the tree and then shake the tree with poles to make it yield its fruit.

No one was in the park, so after taking photographs and examining the lower area, I climbed the mound. This was about a fifty degree incline. From the top, the entire bay area where the battle was fought is visible. The sweep of the plain is larger than the image which my mind had envisioned from the maps of the area. My camera took pictures in a swinging arc around the mound as I attempted to comprehend how the battle took place. Those mountains would have been alive with Greeks who could have hardly come down for a surprise attack without the knowledge of the Persians. The Medes must have established a force on the beach, depositing horses and supplies and then perhaps withdrawing most of their ships for duty elsewhere, possibly at Eretria. The slaughter was great because the determined Greeks had the Persians with their back to the sea without the help of rapid reinforcement or sufficient ships to effect an evacuation.

Resuming my journey northward into the country, there was a small museum about a mile off the main highway where a battle plan in Greek is exhibited, and also a few stone artifacts from the area. I returned then to the highway and moved on around the coast and up into the mountains. The view soon became breathtaking--the entire bay appeared almost as on the map. The road gave cause for apprehension as there was just barely room for two cars to pass. Fortunately, only two or three were on the road. With all of the earth-tremors in Greece, it is not



46. View of artwork and entrance to the church at Aphidnae.



uncommon for the road to give way or for rock slides to occur. In one place, a previous rock-slide barely allowed enough room to get by, and the edge of the mountain seemed much too close. It was then that I was thankful to be in a small Volkswagen! In another instance, the road had caved-in completely on the outer edge. The only way this was marked was with a large ton-sized rock just in front of the cave-in. I suppose it is better to ram your car into the rock than to go tumbling down the mountain!

As the sun moved across the sky and the dauntless Volkswagen rolled across the top of the mountain my stomach indicated that it was lunch time. In the next tiny village I stopped at a small roadside grocery for an ice cream. There was a nice inviting porch in front of the store which was high above the road and the owner kindly offered me a cane-seated chair. There was a cool breeze blowing and it was a pleasant day in which to enjoy living. A neighbor and his little girl, from the filling station across the road, came over to see the stranger. While we could not communicate except by signs and gestures, I complemented him on having a beautiful child and this pleased him very much. They both tried to teach me Greek, indicating that the language came from the soul and that I should be able to comprehend it. I wasn't a very good student, but it was a friendly exchange, and sign and gesture did not completely fail. As I reflect now, I must agree that the Greek language does project from their very souls. Taking their pictures before departing, I bade them a kind farewell. These are the kind of experiences that add fullness to life. You feel that you would like to spend several months with them to absorb more of their life experiences.

Moving along, the next stop was to be, hopefully, the village of Aphidnae, the home of Callimachus. This is not known to be the same exact location of the village of the fifth century B.C., but it approximates it. I wound around several back roads until I found the sign announcing the name of the

village. It was set on the side of a hill, a place you would not go to unless you lived or had business there. All Greek villages are very similar. There is a narrow winding road set between shops and houses, a road of the type that would compare to most of our alleyways. If you enter the village and stay on the right street without taking a wrong turn, you will soon emerge to an enlarged area which is the forum for the town. Here Greeks of all ages cluster around shaded outdoor tables, their small white cup of coffee and glass of water in front of them, discussing the issues of the day. The folk hereabout were evidently surprised to see a stranger in their midst, but undaunted, I parked the car in front of the cafe and sauntered up to a table where I was invited to set down by an elderly gentleman. He indicated I should try some of the Greek coffee. The water looked inviting anyway. The coffee isn't bad; the grounds all settle to the bottom--it has a heavy taste, but one that might grow on you. A good Greek seems capable of nursing a cup of coffee for quite a while as he enjoys fresh air and convivial conversation. It is my observation that this activity seems to offer mental therapy and may also eliminate the old folk's home. Most of those who gather round are pensioners, but the young seem to enjoy themselves too. Television in rural Greece is either unavailable or too expensive for many, but most of the younger set listen to vibrant Greek music on their transistor radios.

In this instance, and with some urging, the gentleman with whom I was sitting, persuaded a friend at another table to come over and join us. He had been to America, living in the Denver area, and spoke very excellent English and was very well informed on current events. We carried on a very lengthy conversation and after taking both their pictures, he suggested I photograph their local church across the street. They were very proud of it, as well they should be. There is an ancient chestnut tree in the front churchyard which adds much to the

decor. We discussed how the chestnut tree, once plentiful in Indiana, is now almost extinct. These Greek churches are a melody in themselves.

Taking leave, I proceeded upward through the narrow streets, trying to find another exit out of town. After trying them all, and backing down some, because there was no exit, I discovered to the villager's delight, that there was only one way in and out of the small town. Doubling back a few miles, there was a toll road going north which ran into an exit leading to the city of Chalkis and the island of Euboea, which was the first visible sight from the air as the airplane approached Greece. The view coming down out of the mountains into this port is one of great grandeur. Down below large ships lie at anchor in the harbor.

I crossed the bridge at the channel and then headed south along the coast to Eretria, the city which the Persians captured and sacked in four hundred ninety B.C. The museum there was closed by the time I arrived, but the gate which led to a central part of the ruins of the old city was still open. It was an open field with not much of the ancient foundations rising above ground level. Later, as I was leaving, there were some people from the United States and their Greek relatives who hailed me and gave some helpful hints and advice.

Moving then through town about half a mile westward to the water's edge, I found that through the haze, in the far distance, the coast of Attica was visible. This trip by ferry would probably take about an hour, which reinforced my concept that help for the beleaguered ancient Persians on the Attic beach was slow in coming.

Since darkness was approaching, I made the choice to return to Chalkis rather than take the ferry across, for the road northwest appeared to be more accessible from there. In the center of Chalkis I found a small Greek sandwich shop which was run by a handsome young couple. He whomped up a terrific bit of culinary delight of strange (to me) foods. It was

pure ecstasy. An instant food shop like this in the United States would be an instant success.

Now the Volkswagen headed west for the mountains and new adventures.

CHAPTER SIX

THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREECE

The Golden Age of Greece is usually designated as the period from approximately four hundred seventy nine to four hundred thirty one B.C., but in this chapter we shall explore the period from five hundred to four hundred B.C. in our search for Callimachus. More than one Callimachus was active during this era and the true separation of one from another is uncertain. But we do have several bench marks with which to piece together our story. Let us consider events in chronological order, inserting news of Callimachus as history has retained it for us.

We have seen how the Persian armies of Darius attempted to conquer Greece with their Marathon adventure. Ten years later, the great army of the new Persian king Xerxes built a bridge of boats across the Dardanelles and came across the continent to invade Greece from the north. Athens was sacked and burned, and the buildings on the Acropolis destroyed. But through an act of fate the courageous Greeks won a naval engagement at Salamis which contained the Persian threat. The land forces were forced to then retreat northward and the war came to an end. After the war, as is the general custom, a "return to normalcy" took place. There were many factions and schisms among the Hellenes and there was to be no peace. For example, in four hundred sixty one B.C. the Corinthians, in a struggle for more power, attempted to annex Athen's neighbor city, Megara, and the Athenians decided to come to their aid.

Around four hundred sixty B.C. the democratic Athenian leader Ephialtes was murdered and the militarist Pericles was elected to replace him. The "revolving crisis syndrome" was now in full effect. In four hundred fifty nine B.C., Corinth, still trying to expand, aligned with the island of Aegina and again Athens found it necessary to intervene. In this same year Pericles sent a large fleet of two hundred ships to fight against the Persians at

Cyprus. He later diverted part of this force to fight around Memphis in Egypt, helping in a revolt against the Persians. Most of this fleet was destroyed. It did serve however to keep the Persian forces busy and out of the Greek Aegean.

But Pericles was not to rest. In four hundred fifty seven B.C., the Spartans joined Thebes and the province of Boeotia (north of Attica) against Athens. They were successful, but the Spartans were advised by the Delphic Oracle to return home. Afterwards the Athenians were then able to recapture Boeotia. Now Pericles continued to consolidate his power and institute politically popular reforms. He increased the size of the Athenian naval forces. In four hundred fifty four B.C. he transferred the treasury of the Delian League from the island of Delos (Apollo's birthplace), in the islands called the Cyclades, to Athens. In four hundred fifty one B.C., with an expanding population, citizenship was restricted to those who could claim Athenian parentage on both sides. At this time the leader Cimon was allowed to return from exile, and by agreement with Pericles took over the command of a second rebuilt force of two hundred ships in an action against Cyprus. His forces were victorious, but Cimon lost his life in the engagement.

Early in four hundred forty nine B.C. agreements were made to enter into a peace with the Spartans and the Peloponnesians. This ineffective truce came to be known as the Peace of Callias or Thirty Years Peace. Under the terms of the treaty Athens surrendered almost all of her land empire. She retained only Plataea (north of Athens), the island of Aegina, and the city Naupactus, on the northern side of the mouth to the Corinthian Gulf, the Greek Gibraltar. Athens was allowed to retain her maritime power.

The clever Pericles, at a congress in March or April of four hundred forty nine B.C. first proposed the rebuilding of the several temples destroyed by the Persian invasion in four hundred eighty B.C. The

Peloponnesian states refused to go along with the idea. Pericles, refusing to give up, a few months later proposed to the Athenians that they should rebuild their own temples. They were to use five thousand talents of accumulated money, a good part of which was taken from the treasury of the First Athenian Confederacy at Delos. In addition, any future surplus would be given to Athena until three thousand talents were collected. Thus the seed was planted and the world's great architectural adventure begun, for what leader or politician worthy of the name can resist a full treasury?

In four hundred forty seven B.C. the architect Ictinius was engaged to begin construction of the Parthenon. The sculpture was done under the supervision of Pheidias, the Greek Michaelangelo, whose work was displayed in many buildings in Athens, at Olympia, and other cities in Greece. He is said to have used his own likeness on the great shield he made for Athena, whose gigantic statue stood in majestic splendor in the center of the Parthenon. It is ironic that so great an artist was falsely accused, along with Pericles, of stealing gold from one of the statues he was constructing. The charge was subsequently disproved by weighing the statue. Records indicate he was imprisoned and died, either of disease or poisoning. Our Callimachus probably knew and worked with Pheidias on the Acropolis.

We know with certainty that Callimachus was archon at Athens in the year four hundred forty six B.C. The historian Diodorus of Sicily has described events in that year. He states that Callimachus was archon in Athens and that the Athenians had been defeated at Coroneia in Boeotia. He mentions that Pericles took the city of Hestiaeae in Euboea with a strong force and that the Athenians regained obedience from several other cities as a result. He tells us also that a truce between Athens and Sparta for thirty years was made by the negotiators Callias and Chares.

Work had just begun on the Parthenon, and now,

here was Callimachus the archon, witness and mentor to some of Athen's finest hours. He had the unique privilege of seeing this structure and this great city now rise from the ashes of the Persian holocaust like a great Phoenix. He, one of the blessed among the world's most honored, paced these hallowed grounds as they first took on this architectural form revered by all the world. What an endless parade of the famous, the intellectual, and the curious have since graced this famous promontory! Here a young Socrates of twenty three was a living entity in a city that probably now numbered more than thirty five thousand souls. Here too, in this grand year of Callimachus, the famous historian Herodotus, who knew Athens well, gave a public reading of a part of his history, and for this he was awarded the sum of ten talents. Art was appreciated.

The reign of Callimachus in this era was as a participant in one of the world's first and perhaps greatest social experiments. Here was a society encouraging diversity rather than conformity. They invested in an economic and cultural display before the world, sacrificing short-term advantage for long-term benefits. As Athens lit the light in its beacon, the city of Cecrops became a continuing inspiration for those, generation after generation, who were to behold her. As visitors from all over the world came to view her magnificence, they brought new ideas and changes which filtered through all levels of society, igniting the torch of human inquiry which now began to shine brightly on man's relationships with the world around him. The rising smoke of intellectual conception forged in this environment followed a delicate and valuable pathway to knowledge and understanding which the wise still probe, copy, and attempt to emulate. The stream of human intellect which has flowed beneath these hallowed marble monuments since their inception in these few golden years creates a great sense of wonderment. What is the intangible enchantment that this great Lorelei has to offer? Some call it free-

dom. Perhaps we should add the words--of inquiry. For it was Socrates who introduced this sacred concept as he once walked in his time, and in this place.

Perhaps the spirit of this intangible transfer of thought into marble was culminated in the statue of Aphrodite the goddess of love and beauty. Mr. C. W. Anderson in his book *The Miracle of Greek Sculpture* has drawn a beautiful reconstruction of the Aphrodite preserved in the Louvre in Paris. He attributes the original work to the sculptor Kallimachos and states that it "speaks of a consummate artist." Words cannot express the wonderment and awe which he captures in this work of artistic and serene grace.

There are only two principal examples of the Corinthian capital constructed during the five hundred to four hundred B.C. era which have been preserved to us. The first example is the temple of Apollo Epicurius at Bassae which used an inner Corinthian column. This temple is located on a mountain near Phigalea in Arcadia in the Peloponnesus. It is a good many winding miles south and east of Olympia where the famous games were held. Located in an isolated setting, much of the outer Doric peripteral arrangement still stands, but the inner Corinthian column has vanished. Drawings were made by Haller von Hallerstein at the time of excavation and thus the main features are certain. It differs considerably from the capital which we now know, but the basket or bell was used with the acanthus and also the abacus which represented the tile. It lacked the beauty and proportion of the later capital.

The second Corinthian example for this period is the Tholos at Delphi with internal columns. Delphi is about one hundred and five miles northwest of Athens. In eighteen hundred ninety-two French archaeologists moved the entire town of Delphi to reveal the sacred shrine, the temple of Pythian Apollo. This temple was built between three hundred sixty nine and three hundred twenty nine B.C. The oracle



48. The Tholos at Delphi.



of Delphi was the most famous in all of Greece. The priestess went into her trance with the aid of the sulphur fumes which rose from the earth in this area. By inhaling these fumes and chewing on laurel leaves, incoherent tales were uttered which required a skilled interpreter. Proceeding down the hill below the shrine of Apollo, one comes to the Marmarian Terrace and the Tholos, a round structure with Doric columns on the outside and Corinthian columns on the inside. These columns are not as old as those at Bassae. The architect for this structure was Theodorus of Phocaea. Delphi is famous in mythology for its Castalian fountain of Mount Parnassus where the shadow of Pegasus was sometimes seen. After drinking his water he gave me a warm welcome.

These two examples of the Corinthian capital show a demonstrated form at this period. Unfortunately, they have no direct constructional tie-in to the work of Callimachus. However, there is evidence of some of his work during this period. A series of dancing Maenads have been discovered in the agora in Athens, which are attributed to him. Copies of these are on display at the Prado in Madrid and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Callimachus also made a seated image of Hera for a temple at Plataea, which was erected after four hundred twenty six B.C. Plataea is located about fifteen miles northwest of Eleusis, home of the Mysteries. The Athenians met and defeated the remains of the Persian land forces at Plataea in four hundred seventy nine B.C.

Perhaps the crowning achievement for the Callimachus of the Golden Age of Greece was a golden lamp which he made for the shrine of Athena Polias in the inside of the rebuilt Erechtheum on the Acropolis at Athens. This building was finally completed in four hundred and five B.C. The historian Pausanias related that Callimachus made a golden lamp for Athena which remained lit day and night for a whole year, being refilled with oil at that time. The wick was of asbestos and the lamp had a

bronze palm overhead which reached to the roof and drew off the smoke. He stated that Callimachus was the first to drill holes through stones and was of unparalleled cleverness.

The original Erechtheum of Poseidon and Athena, as has been stated, was burned on the eve of the Battle of Salamis in four hundred eighty B.C. It was then rebuilt on its original site after the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War around four hundred twenty one B.C. Work was temporarily abandoned until four hundred and nine B.C. The original contest for possession of Athens was purported to have taken place at the site of the Erechtheum between Poseidon and Athena. Athena raised up an olive tree from the ground at this point and Poseidon brought forth a fountain where he struck the ground with his trident. Erechtheus, Athena's ward, had a serpent's tail, at the first sight of which, as has been mentioned before, some of the royal attendants went mad and hurled themselves from the top of the Acropolis. The statue of Athena Polias in this building was of olive-wood and was said to have fallen from heaven. It is, of course, the rebuilt Erechtheum on which Callimachus worked, and which Pausanias (second century A.D.) described.

During the fifth century B.C. we have two other records of the Callimachus clan. Callimachus III, possible son of Callimachus II, polemarch of Marathon, may have performed the work on the Erechtheum. If so, he would have been at least eighty five years of age in four hundred and five B.C. when the building was completed. This is possible, or the actual date of completion may not correspond to the date when the lamp for the interior of the Erechtheum was designed and built. Some historians place the starting date for construction of the Erechtheum as four hundred thirty one B.C., at which time Callimachus may have been around fifty nine years of age.

Or could our "black sheep" Callimachus IV have had a part in this work? Because of their diverse occupa-

ations and character we must deductively arrive at a minimum of three separate individuals bearing the name Callimachus during this period. The exact positional arrangement on the family tree is of course not certain. Their individual "boats" have been arranged in likely sequence on the genealogical chart according to probable life span and appearance on the historical scene. There is definite evidence of each listed Callimachus except Callimachus I. In his instance, the existence of the name and the presence of an established descendant is sufficient warrant.

The philosopher Plato knew at least one of the Callimachus clan. J. K. Davies¹ reports that Plato stated that he bought an Eiresidai property, which lay east of the stream Kephisos near his Academy, from a certain Kallimachos. Plato's Academy was less than a mile northwest of the Acropolis.

Plato was born nineteen years after Callimachus was archon. It is therefore unlikely that he purchased the land from him. The "Black Sheep" Callimachus of the next chapter might be a more likely candidate.

1. Athenian Propertied Families 600-300 B.C., J. K. Davies, Oxford Clarendon Press, 1971, page 335.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE BLACK SHEEP

Perhaps no other family in history has remained in the public eye for so many generations as those who bore the name Callimachus. Callimachus III, described in the last chapter, presided as archon in four hundred forty six B.C. This was one year before construction was begun on the Parthenon in Athens. He witnessed and perhaps even abetted in many ways the greatest period in the history of architecture. Possibly, he did live a long life and completed the work on the lamp at the Erechtheum. If not, the Callimachus IV of this chapter could have completed this notable work. The liberty of making the conclusion that Callimachus III and IV are not the same individual is taken here. Obviously the bridge from the death of the polemarch in four hundred ninety B.C. and the death of a Callimachus in three hundred ninety six B.C. requires more than one person.

Many families have a "black sheep" and one such in the Callimachus line is portrayed in a trial document "Against Callimachus." Prepared by the Greek historian and writer Isocrates (436-338 B.C.), this document was presented in a trial in four hundred and two B.C. Isocrates was then thirty four years of age. This trial presumably took place six years before the death of Callimachus in three hundred ninety six B.C. The brilliant rhetoric and style reflect a state of legal art which may have had its roots in the legal reforms of the lawmaker Solon, who was archon in five hundred ninety four B.C. This document reveals that Callimachus had a sister and a brother-in-law with whom he conspired.

Isocrates wrote this speech for a client who was a trierarch in four hundred and five B.C. (this individual supplied the funds for and commanded a Greek ship in a losing battle in the Hellespont). It is of interest because it reveals something of Callimachus and has in addition a legalistic style often imitated. Isocrates was to law as Socrates

was to philosophy. The speech is lengthy and a complete translation may be found in *Isocrates*, Vol. III, by Larue VanHook, The Loeb Series, Harvard University Press.

These are the planks on which Isocrates builds his case. He first documents the nature of the dispute, how a sum of money left with Callimachus for safe-keeping was confiscated by officials as the government underwent a change from oligarchy to democracy. He is defending his client against Callimachus' charge that the client was a participating party and thus liable for damages. He first makes a protestation of innocence, citing a similar case where the defendant had the inditement against him dismissed under the terms of the amnesty agreement made at the conclusion of the change-over in political power.

He adroitly cites cases where leading citizens have suffered more grievous wrongs than Callimachus and have refused to bring charges. Now he treats of covenants, their binding effect, and how Callimachus wishes to disregard one previously made with the defendant. He makes the power of an oath and covenant the cement of Greek achievement and the one great force against discord. The issue is more than money, it is a reminder of sacred duty to an oath. Now he anticipates what is to be Callimachus' argument. Callimachus' lot is no worse than that many others have suffered without complaint. He brought it on himself. His case should not be considered because of the precedent it would establish. And, of course, he can yet withdraw without penalty.

Then his client pleads: "Prove I did it--I am innocent." He says that no one will be free from suit, that this is a trial of greater issue--one of fear. It will destroy justice, and then too, what about pride? Next he tries character assassination. Callimachus is a true scoundrel. "If you only knew Him!" He relates how an individual named Cratinus trapped Callimachus in a dispute over a certain farm owned by Callimachus' brother-in-law. Evidently Callimach-

us was caught with his hand in the cookie-jar, especially since fourteen witnesses had previously collaborated his testimony. Isocrates points out that you cannot believe him. Then he concludes his argument, relating his defendant's own flawless character, his recognition by the state for past services, and how he was every citizen's benefactor.

Callimachus was opposed by one of the most forceful persuaders of the time. No doubt he lost the case.

CHAPTER EIGHT

SOLDIER AT SYRACUSE

In four hundred thirty one B.C. the Peloponnesians and the Athenians, both at the zenith of their military power, involved themselves in a great war which was to end in four hundred twenty one B.C. with the Peace of Nicias. Nicias was a man of great wealth and respectable family, one to whom the Greeks looked for leadership. This Peloponnesian War, and the plague which struck Athens in four hundred twenty nine B.C., decimating one-third of the population, virtually brought the Athenians to their knees. Pericles died in this year as an effect of the plague and he left a great vacuum in the Athenian leadership. When peace came, a great postwar reconstruction ensued, but both wealth and leadership were in short supply.

In four hundred fifteen B.C., the divided Athenians, seeking to restore their wealth and power, proceeded to attempt the conquest of Sicily. Nicias opposed this attempt but being pressed, laid out his requirements as to the size he thought necessary for an invading armada. To his surprise, the Athenians agreed to his demands and then drafted him for command.

We speak now concerning this campaign and about Callimachus V, a soldier who died in Sicily. The Athenians, having mounted this great undertaking to conquer rich Sicily, sailed with a vast armada which was lavishly endowed with men and equipment. But the siege of Syracuse in four hundred fourteen B.C. ended in complete disaster for the Athenians. They were blockaded and defeated at sea under the command of a befuddled Nicias. The remaining army, losing their beachhead at Syracuse, fled toward the interior of the country. Fighting an ill-conceived retreat, with no food or water, and continually harassed by the enemy, they struggled to the river Assinarus. Here they were slaughtered as they rushed toward the river like a stampeding herd of thirsty cattle. The river ran red with their blood.

The writer Peter Green, in his fine book, *Armada from Athens*,¹ which describes this entire campaign, lists the casualties in Sicily which were preserved on the stelae recently uncovered at Peristeri, a northern suburb of Athens. On this memorial, containing a list of forty men from the Antiochid regiment, one finds the name of Callimachus. Since the battle in which he lost his life concluded on September 18, 413 B.C., and since the maximum age for military service in Greece was sixty years, we can reasonably fix the years of his life as falling within the period from four hundred seventy three to four hundred thirteen B.C.

1. *Armada from Athens*, Peter Green, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1970, p. 342.

CHAPTER NINE

A GRECIAN ODYSSEY

I drove westward into the dusk, creeping over strange mountains, toward the ancient city of Thebes. It was after eleven when I arrived. Winding through the narrow dimly lit streets, I tried to follow the little Greek signs pointing to the next small town on my route. The city seemed almost deserted until I came to a broad street in the center of town which had a grassed and tree planted plaza in its middle. The shops were closed and there was little sign of activity. This was one of the cities that Alexander destroyed in three hundred thirty six B.C., and it was once the chief city of ancient Boetia. On this night it was not an impressive representative of its ancient past and the story of the Seven Against Thebes.

As there was no likely place to spend the night and I was not sleepy, the faithful Volkswagen was pointed toward Plataea. It was not at all hard to get lost, which I did by taking the wrong turn in one of those unmarked villages. Greeks don't seem to believe in public toilets, roadside parks, road signs, or any of that unnecessary malarky. Every Greek knows where he is anyway.

Much later, I pulled off the road by a farm field on the rise of a hill and attempted to sleep in the car. Always wanted to see the sun rise in Greece. It seemed it never would. Just as the first crack of light appeared in the east, I stepped out of the car and planted the camera tripod, catching the sight for posterity. Almost instantaneously, a water pump on an irrigation system across the road in the valley started working, and other sounds of activity began to be made. There were no sounds of alarm clocks but the farmers magically appeared like ghosts greeting first light, ready for work.

As I drove down into the valley, farmers were hurrying into the fields, proudly moving out on their tractors like an army, their wives and family riding alongside, each dedicated and united to the

ground and to the life which provides them sustenance. The most noticeable difference between an older Greek farmer and his younger counterpart as they move along on their tractors is that one wife is more youthful looking than the other. While life is hard, and well-to-do tourists possibly cause a yearning for a better life, it is my estimation that fifty years from now they will wish to return to these simple years with their fresh air and water. The poorer farmers--and there are many--still use the burro for a beast of burden. He is ridden in side-saddle fashion and can be stacked with a very heavy load.

All over Greece, particularly in the rural areas, there are little miniature houses built alongside the road. They contain religious icons and lighted lamps and are built and maintained by the natives. Sometimes they are constructed right next to each other, each with varied and elaborate designs. As one passes them going down the road on a donkey or on foot, prayers are said. I passed one woman coming around a curve in the road who was into the spirit of the occasion. The rhythmic cadence of the donkey and the fervency with which she went through her ritual as they came up the road was an admirable and unforgettable sight. Surely she will receive her reward.

The morning which had arrived was Saturday, August 16, 1980. Being lost, I inquired at the next large town, and by using my road map and some sign language, found that I must return to Thebes and take another road to Plataea. Eventually winding into a beautiful spreading plain surrounded by hills in the distance, I found the unobtrusive site of the battle and photographed the remains of the ruins. It was quiet, and as the wind swept across the plain, I saw the opposing armies and considered that it was here that the Persians met their final defeat and that the tide turned for the Greeks and thus the world would receive a heritage honoring both the man and his individual freedom of choice.

The silence was broken as I heard the clatter of

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 ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ ΕΟΡΤΗ ΤΑ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ.

MEMORANDUM
 Here in this area Between the northern Feet of
 the mountain Kitheron and the Assopos river near
 the ancient town of Plataiai the Greeks united
 under the command of the Spartan Pausanias
 Fought the last decisive Battle against the Persians
 in 479 and saved Greece and the civilization from
 the danger of the Asian Barbarians. For ten days
 the opponents. Because of unfavorable presen
 ces remained inactive one opposite the other on
 the two Banks of the Assopos river. The two ar
 mies manoeuvred repeatedly and finally the
 Frightful Battle took place in which Mardonios the
 Commander of the Persians was killed. The successive
 positions of the Greeks and Persians can be seen on
 the sketch map. The right side of the Greek formation
 was held by the Lakedaemonians left the Athenians
 under the command of Aristides the centre by the ot
 her Greeks. Witnesses of this illustrious victory. Besi
 de numerous other deities was the god Tre
 stle, Delphi and in memory of the same the Panhe
 llenic feast, Eleftheria, was being place
 yearly.

50. View of the plain at Plataea.





52. View from Delphi looking across the valley
toward the Marmarian Terrace.



hoofs in the distance. A very young donkey from the nearby village came up to me to see what business I had there, and graciously allowed his photograph to be taken.

Returning for the third time to Thebes, I then took the much more refined road to the famous Delphi. It was considerable distance to the west, and the nearer the approach, the more spectacular the mountains became. After taking a short snooze by the side of the road so as to not go to sleep at the wheel in this warm sunlit land, I then proceeded up the long final stretch of road and soon found a place to park on the side of the mountain. It was here that the handsome Apollo, the lover of dolphins, slew the legendary Python.

Delphi, once called the navel of the world, is roughly divided into three stepped areas on the side of the mountain. I examined and photographed the middle area, but did not climb upward to the stadium and museum. The section which particularly interested me was the lower level where the gymnasium and the Marmarion Terrace are located. On the way to the lower level I stopped off first for some pure mountain water from the Castalian spring by the side of the modern road which is just above the gymnasium. This water is reported to be good for stomach ailments. It can't do anything but help--there is no chlorine in it! You just can't get enough water in Greece. Perhaps it is because of all the walking in the hot sun and that you are dehydrated, but the water seems to have body to it--like food. It is most enjoyable and refreshing.

For the next several hours I rummaged around in the Tholos area examining it closely and obtaining a multitude of photographs. After also seeing the ones at Olympia and Epidauris, it is very evident that all constructions are similar.

Climbing back up the steep hill to the spring and partaking of some more of that heavenly water, I bid Delphi farewell and then returned back down the mountain in a southerly direction. I soon followed

the coast of the Corinthian Gulf westward toward Audirriion, where I hoped to find an exchange bank, for the petrol was getting low and so was the amount of Greek money which I had with me.

Fortunately, on the way along the coast, I stopped at a small filling station and restaurant on a beautiful cove overlooking the sea. The owner could speak English and when I told him of my plight he graciously agreed to take good old green-backs at forty two exchange rate for some gas and scrambled eggs. He said that he and his family were going to vacation in America for a month at Christmas time. Talk about your good Samaritan--he was one! His young son, a handsome blond lad, was right in there helping his dad pump gas and run the business. His father had evidently been in the Greek navy. Their's was a garden spot in which to live. I certainly enjoyed my meal by the placid sea. As darkness fell the wind rose and gently swept across the bay.

It was very dark and late at night when I crossed the ferry to Patras in the Peloponnese, the city where the apostle Andrew is believed to have died on a cross in the form of an X. There was no inn readily available so I drove on for most of the long night, coming down the western coast to Pirgos and then cutting off eastward toward the town of Olympia. It was around two in the morning as I passed on through the deserted town and then found a place to park on the side of a hill which overlooked the stone works. I was able to sleep in the car until dawn, being awakened about six by workers coming up the hill on their way to town. I then decided to return to the central part of the village, looking for a restaurant where a hungry bear could find a meal.

There was only one small restaurant open on this Sunday morning and at this time there was only one couple eating at one of the tables. A young girl of about ten appeared and I asked her for eggs, hoping for the best, but she muttered in Greek *somi*, so I said "O.K. and kafee." I hate overtoasted bread in

the morning, but a hungry bear will eat when cornered. The coffee was good. Breakfast seems to be plain fare in Greece.

Olympia has a very large stone works. It covered a large land area. One account which I have read mentioned twenty thousand people attending the games. Those attending camped out on the banks of the river and the whole affair was a great holiday. Alexander's Tholos was on the left near the entrance gate. I photographed it very thoroughly for future examination, and took pictures of capitals, the stadium and track arena, the general location of Zeus' temple, and in particular Pheidias' workshop. I believe he must have been a little crowded--no room for storage. Perhaps that is how he accomplished so much. Olympia is a beautifully shaded and interesting place. In its time it must have been a real attraction for people from all of Greece and other parts of the world. It isn't doing at all bad now. Personages that have marched through our history books, such as Nero, Herod, Phillip of Macedon, and Alexander the Great all visited here.

It was now noon, and time to leave for Bassae. Moving down the coast to a road which turned east, I was not entirely certain that this road would allow approach from the west. By inquiring in a nearby restaurant with the use of my map, the owner affirmed that it was the correct road to take, and that I should have no fear of the road. He pronounced the name Bassae differently than I; it sounded full of depth and meaning in Greek.

There were some very high mountains in this area, most with narrow roads. After traveling for more than an hour, the mountain road looped and made a sharp descent to the town of Andritsena. Pulling into the center of the town, I found the narrow street blocked by two large tour busses, but on my left was a gas station. The owner agreed to fill my tank and take green-backs, even giving me change in Greek money. There was also a small store across the street with snacks to fill an empty stomach.

53. Interior of Pheidias' workshop at Olympia. 113



54. Remains of the Tholos or Philippieion at Olympia.



Soon the busses left with their tourists; the street was clear so I turned around and took the road upward, leaving the town below as I wound even higher into the mountains. After some time I came to the secluded lair where the temple of Apollo Epicurios may be found.

The temple is very ancient, being supported now by a wooden framework which surrounds it. A guard stands lonely vigil preventing tourists from entering. My unexpected arrival awoke him from a snooze and we exchanged greetings. I really wished to examine the interior more closely, but had to settle for several shots from the outside with the zoom lens. These photographs do show however the areas where the Corinthian columns were believed to have been originally located.

My visit completed, I left around four-thirty, and since the road ahead looked very bad, I returned to Andritsenia. This road then led through the cities of Megalopolis, Tripolis, Argos, and finally Nafplion. Later, in Nafplion, I drove through the city and came upon a park area in the center of town. In the park was a pizza parlor with the usual outside tables and these were placed under three very large and unusually majestic trees. The breeze from the sea quickened and the branches of these trees swayed heavily while the park lights reflected and flickered in a dancing cadence upon their leaves. The festive Greek music from across the square floated through the park giving it a magical and restful quality that defies explanation. Slowly eating and all the while drinking in the peace of this place, at last I decided to proceed onward to Epidauris and try to obtain lodging there.

The road to Epidauris was blocked by police and they would allow no one to pass. I couldn't understand them, so I motioned that I would turn around and go back to town. There must have been too many campers at the park at Epidauris. Finding a road which led out of town, I eventually located a quiet spot on the side of a mountain that overlooked the

55. The interior of the temple at Bassae
showing how the fluted column in the center
was attached to the wall.

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56. View showing the remains of the interior of the
Tholos at Epidauris.



sea, and slept in the Volkswagen for the third night in a row. A herd of a goats grazed the side of the hill across the road, occasionally awakening me from an unsound sleep. At daybreak I photographed the sunrise and observed the spreading bay below. I wondered how Homer could describe the Aegean as wine-red, for it always seemed to be a deep brilliant blue.

The distance to Epidauris was about twenty five kilometers. The site there has a large paved parking lot and a camping area for tourists. There was a large crowd around a water faucet and after waiting my turn, I filled up on water and then decided to wash and remove three days beard by using the side mirror on helpful Volkswagen. Refreshed and refurbished, I moved then into the central area which was park-like and well shaded. On the side of a small hill there was a large xenia (hotel) with a restaurant. More of that universal stale toasted bread and coffee! I bless all of those good old ice cream peddlers at all of the diggings.

The famous theatre of Epidauris is amazing. The vertical rise is much greater than the pictures portray. The acoustics leave nothing to be desired. In a group of tourists standing in the center of the theater floor was a tall rhythmic Italian lad who had wooden clacks on his feet and he treaded out a timely performance of varying sound intensity on the stone floor which kept his limited audience enthralled. Even the lightest tap could be heard. I suppose that there is a little bit of ham in each of us. It was nice of him to perform at just that time.

I visited the museum and photographed the Corinthian columns found there and studied the plans and drawings of their Tholos and the other buildings. In the capacious ancient city I photographed the layout and closely examined my maps before finding the remains of the Tholos. The functional pattern of construction demonstrated in all of the Tholos structures which I have been able to examine bear a remarkable similarity.



58. Corinthian capital at Epidauris.



My original plan was to proceed on to Troezen at this time, but with little gas and almost no Greek money, I thought it better to proceed to Corinth, where there would surely be an exchange bank. It was almost noon as I took the coastal road north. This is good agricultural area and the scenery is varied and shows the fruits of the farmer's hard work. At almost two in the afternoon in downtown old Corinth, I found a bank. The place was packed with people and it took an hour to complete the exchange. One German back-packer from Frankfort avowed that this delay would not happen there and I was quick to agree with him, for my transactions there at the Frankfort airport bank were almost immediate.

Walking the downtown area to see the varied shops I soon found a park where it was possible to rest and partake of a snack and at the same time examine my travel guides. Thus finding the proper route to the remains of ancient Corinth, I drove for some distance to the entrance of the site. Here the Lechaion Road once led down to the sea. The distance from this hillside site to the sea is about a mile. Paying my entrance fee, I went inside the fenced area and soon found some ancient Corinthian capital remains of varied types, some of which were still in excellent condition. There was one such in the inside of the museum which I was not allowed to photograph that had a variation in construction in the flower area which I have seen nowhere else. This area seems to be the point of greatest deviation, and confirms to my mind that this column truly was an object of religious reverence. Without doubt many of these same objects were once visible to the apostle Paul. He surely viewed the Acrocorinth high on the nearby mountain as he walked within the forum and on the Lechaion Road.

After several hours of photographing and examining, I returned to the downtown area and found an outdoor dining establishment on a street overlooking a harbor park by the Gulf. This is quite close to the north entrance to the Corinth Canal. This canal was

envisioned by Nero in his day, but not completed until the last century. Before its construction, boats were hauled overland across this narrow isthmus.

In this particular restaurant the waiters take the order and then deftly bring the food from across the street. It seems the national Greek waiter's uniform is a clean white shirt, bowtie, and black tight-fitting trousers with flared legs. They are very courteous and efficient. This outdoor dining is most relaxing and very enjoyable, a custom which one easily adapts to. Now that I had Greek money, a hotel was in order. The guidebook recommended the Hotel Korinthos which happened to be just down the street. The second room which they showed me turned out to be suitable, and I found that the rate of twenty three dollars included breakfast. After three nights in a Volkswagen, anything was an improvement. The breakfast turned out to be a packaged deal with some more of that abominable dried toast and jelly.

Getting away the next morning about nine, I had decided that with sufficient money now, Troezen was still worth seeing. I hoped to see the road by the sea where Theseus' son was killed in the chariot. Then there was the road from Corinth to Argos that Pheidippides had traveled which was also a must. Halfway down this road I stopped at Mycene to see the results of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. The view which Agamemnon enjoyed from the top of the mountain, the Lion Gate, and the upper ruins are all very interesting, as is the Treasury of Atreus across the road. The ceiling construction in this building is amazing. The vaulted ceiling with its large stones precisely placed seems to have withstood the ravages of time and earthquakes and probably is as solid now as when first constructed.

Leaving Mycene about eleven, the next stop was Argos, and then on to Nafplion, stopping there at the ancient ruins of Tiryns, the home of Hercules. The large cyclopean stone walls and the underground cavern seem indeed to have been the work of Giants.



60. Archeologists at work at Tiryns.



The rest of the large area is almost at ground level and a map is necessary to identify the various parts of this ancient fortress. An actual excavation was taking place in the back area of this site and this was very interesting to watch. It all seems to be very exacting work and I am sure that when finds are made it can be very exciting.

The road to Troezen lies southeast from Epidauris and I once again stopped by the water tap in the park there before continuing on my journey. It was a pleasant day and just before entering Troezen, on a stretch of road along the coast, a young man passed on a motorcycle with the throttle wide open. This must have been the old chariot road! Nearby on this road there was an unobtrusive sign pointing to the Theseus stone. Going inland up a rough hilly road, there was a sign marking a large stone purported to be the one Theseus moved to uncover his father's sword and sandals. I then moved on down the road to a dead-end and turned around, stopping at an old church where a priest and some of his parishioners were just leaving. No one could speak English, but from the signs and gestures and general language sense, it was apparent that I should turn right at the Theseus stone and go up the hill, and that the road was terrible. This was an understatement. It was so bad that I parked the car and walked up the hill, finding Theseus' castle hidden away at the top. It was a run-down old place with no roof. It was of stone construction and there was a large set of stairs going into an upper floor. The view from here revealed the whole valley which spread outward toward the sea. There is little else to connect Troezen with its historic past. It was interesting to see a water pipeline leading down out of the mountains to a small reservoir nearby. It did not seem to be in use at that time.

Returning by the coast highway, after a stop for water at Epidauris, I returned to the Hotel Korinthos for the night. After an enjoyable meal in the outdoor restaurant, I walked around the beach front

inspecting the small boats and then went into the town to window shop. The great number of small stores and shops offer many bargains. This is a clean modernized small town. Clinging to many things of the past, it has a classic charm and natural warmth and hospitality. The new Corinth which has built up across the bay has many tall buildings and is more the modern city.

The next morning, after passing up the dried toast routine and checking out, I went downtown to a small bakery, which I had spotted the previous night, and obtained some excellent Greek rolls. After then purchasing some more film in a beachside kiosk and loading my camera, the faithful Volkswagen and I were ready to move eastward to see Eleusis, the home of the ancient Mysteries. I took the old road along the coast and passed over the famous Corinth canal. Naturally I stopped and went out on the walkway of the small bridge which crosses it to take photographs. The bridge was jammed with tourists with the same idea. The view of this steep-sided deep channel cut through the rock is spectacular. Elbowing in at my turn, I snapped a couple of quick shots. They were surveying the bridge as I left. No doubt they intend to increase its size.

The city of Megara soon came into view along the coastal highway. This city rises gradually upward from the highway and the houses have more than the usual splash of color. There isn't much to connect it with its past. It was not much further to Eleusis, which is now very heavily industrialized. You can smell the fumes as the large tankers unload their cargoes into the storage tanks at the refineries. The stench of sulphur is heavy over the city. There are several kinds of military installations and a large restricted airfield here. However, for all their fame, no signs directed one to the ancient home of the Mysteries. I pulled into a filling station, purchased an ice cream, and then showed the kindly operator a picture of the place in a book. He indicated I should go back several kilometers and



62. Entrance to Theseus' castle.



turn left. I asked if he had ever been there and he shook his head.

Still finding no signs, I headed for the sea, and as chance would have it, the road ran directly into the area. I had previously studied maps of this ancient place, but it was not the same as visualized. Fortunately, I took several rolls of film, and before leaving, purchased a book on Eleusis written by George Mylonos, who worked for many years at the site. He thoroughly outlines the history and the many changes that have taken place here through the centuries. The book adds so very much to the appreciation of the extensive work which has been done by so many dedicated experts at this place.

Passing now through Athens, I fully intended to cut across Attica and go to Brauron on the south-east coast, but every turn eventually brought me back to Athens. The roads are not numbered and there are very few signs. In a final desperate change of plans, the Volkswagen decided to head south and visit the Temple of Poseidon at Sounion on the southern tip of Attica. The excellent road south borders on the sea past the sun-and-fun beaches along the coast. The view from the high hill at Sounion is awe-inspiring, but evidently the pollution has cut visibility. Some writers have reported Athens visible from there, but such was not my experience. I also looked in vain for Lord Byron's initials which were supposed to have been carved on one of the pillars of the temple.

Just below in the distance was a beautiful cove filled with multi-colored small boats and a beach resort. There is also a large restaurant built on the side of the hill below the temple which overlooks the Aegean to the south.

Coming back up the eastern coast and passing through Laurium, I am unhappy to report that there was no silver lying around. The Greeks may be too busy mining the tourists to bother with a real mine anymore! It has been said that the Greeks lose their country in the summer and gain it back again in the

winter. With the great number of tourists milling about, it is probably somewhat trying on their patience. One must admire the general population for the manner in which they cope with the situation.

A short distance north of Laurium there is a cut-off to Brauron which winds out into the countryside and in a low marshy valley one happens onto the sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia. It is at a bend in the road on the left side, and next to it is a small chapel of Ayios Yeoryios (St. George). There is a cavern to the left of the Byzantine chapel which was venerated in ancient times as the tomb of Iphigenia (Agamemnon's daughter). The temple area was closed by the time I arrived, so once again the zoom lens aptly procured several pictures from a distance. I had hoped to find a trace of the ancient bear girls of Brauron for which the temple was noted. There is a stone carving of a young bear girl which I have seen in pictures. She looks much like a flower girl taking part in a formal wedding. Upon her face is a timeless expression that speaks for an artist truly able to capture her ethereal beauty.

This completed my tour of most of the places mentioned in the first part of this book. Callimachus had led me to many curious places in the southern parts of Greece and made Greek history a living thing to be actually comprehended and admired. As I made my way from the southern center of Attica towards Athens and the Holiday Inn there, I debated whether to attempt to go to Delos, the island where Apollo was born, or to further explore Athens. Arriving at the hotel at a late hour, I decided to remain in Athens, since my plane was scheduled to return to the United States in just four days.

CHAPTER TEN

ANOTHER ARCHON

After you have been at sea on a great adventure there comes a time when you must come into a safe harbor and rest at anchor. In three hundred forty nine B.C., when Callimachus VI was archon, Athens was at anchor. Philip II of Macedon was now thirty three years of age. Ruler of Macedonia, north of Greece; he wished to conquer the world. Only seven short years before, a new shadow was taking form, a shadow that was to cast itself across the Greek nation and eastward into Persia and most of the known world. For Philip's son, Alexander the Great was born in three hundred fifty six B.C. Curiously, this was the same date that the second temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, burned to the ground. This remarkable Alexander, in his short life-span of thirty three years overturned the world with war, much as One was to do three hundred and fifty years later, in the same span of years, as He brought His disquieting peace to the world. Alexander was first to be a new fierce wind that swept Greek culture eastward.

The focus of all the gathered intellectual light that the world of his day had to offer was on this lad of seven who was soon to be nurtured for the conquest and dream of one world. Now in this year three hundred forty nine B.C. we find Plato at the age of eighty, it having been fifty years since his mentor Socrates drank the hemlock. Plato taught for many years at his Academy in Athens. One of his famous pupils was Aristotle, now thirty five, whom Philip was to select to tutor his son. Philip had himself spent three years as a Thebian hostage and came to respect Greek learning. He was a man of many talents. He is recorded as having won various horse races in three separate Olympics. His son Alexander, however, declined to enter the Olympics since he considered it beneath his dignity as a ruler.

We learn that about this time the ambitious Philip seized upon an advantage and began his conquest of Greece, for they, torn by strife and internal dissention, were near their political apogee. Their noble experiment in freedom was soon to be reduced to a memory. True, the Greeks were to be the cornerstone upon which Alexander's empire would be built, but the intellectual meats which they exported were to lose some of their savor with this loss of their freedom.

If there are parallels in the history of the world, it is that nations are in final conclusion much like the human animal, of which, surely, nations are the collective extensions of that purposeful beast. They come forth, secluded, divergent forces, brought together by an attuning magnetism that compells them to exist as a unit. They show an individuality comparable to that of a toddler, whom one sees in infancy and then perhaps only again twenty years later, the features of the former hardly identifiable with those of the adult. So it is with nations, who reflect the driving collective powers of tens of thousands, and who, like ants, course ever onward, pre-supposedly to some unknown destination. The sprawling infant comes of age and invariably gropes outward, grasping at all that is within its power and reach. The greedy hand fills the empty stomach, and satiated, our infant slowly and painfully grows and reaches maturity. He then somehow begins to gain that which is called culture--the one respite for all of the world's citizen ants--they enjoying then that delightful period in their history known as prosperity. But old age sets in, prosperity turns to famine; the force which provides the fuel and energy, be it the silver mine at Laurium,¹ the gold fields of California, or the tax collector's boot on the back of the peasant, all of these begin to deny the

1. Ancient silver mine in southeast Attica which fed the Athenian economy.

tottering giant. He stands encumbered with all his possessions, not one of which he wishes to surrender, until at last he is pushed down into the dust whence he came. All other civilizations now reflect upon his past glory, confident that the fate which befell him will not be theirs. The great image in the book of Daniel, with its feet of clay, is in reality, the nation as an extension of man. Both men and nations totter as the result of their own corruption.

Greece, Persia, Rome, where is your might now?

For Greece then, and for us in this age, the perfect world we all seek is not to be found in new dogmas and promises, or scientific discoveries and atom bombs, nor can it be achieved by drugged minds or sublimated wills hypnotized into passive submission. We look for the Unseen Hand in the affairs of the world and at its highest moment of mobility it takes best form in the true application of the ancient Golden Rule.

We, however, in our generation, begin to see a new concept that is infiltrating the collective brotherhood of man. There seems now to be a point where all of the world's various dogmas, concepts, and illusions converge to immovable postulates. An unemotional computer technology is building an unwielding pathway between ideas and shaded concepts. Perhaps the twentieth century "good Samaritan" is the discerning eye of the omnipresent video inquirer and a culpable press. Common man may hope for an improved lot only so long as varied opinions are freely expressed without tyrannical interjections and emotional interplay. The call is out that man should achieve a new status and dignity in this century, one conceived and dedicated to his total well-being and interest. But greed balances the scale of love and hate in his own direction. The world will probably never run out of windmills for the aspiring Quixote to conquer.

Truth on the other hand seems to lie somewhere between the borrowed concept of Lincoln that the best government is that which governs least, and an

admonition which the author Will Durant has so aptly stated: " . . . the simple paid tribute to the clever; this is a custom with a venerable past and a promising future." But the hope of mankind for this better world should not and most likely cannot end in fruition. The quest began when cave-man first drew pictures on the wall of his cave; it will continue as long as the spirit of inquiry is alive in man. Socrates introduced this concept of the hope and joy of inquiry as a goodly pursuit, but St. Augustine of Hippo before his death called inquiry curiosity and rejected it out of hand as an unworthy endeavor. Perhaps his viewpoint was one which read the winds of the times, for at his death in four hundred thirty A.D., the curtain came down and the period known as the Dark Ages began!

There is in Athens another classic example of the Corinthian capital whose date has been ascertained. About fifteen years after Callimachus VI was archon, there was a monument erected which was dedicated to the choragic victory of Lysicrates in three hundred thirty four B.C. This classic structure has been modified and adapted for the adornment of our nation's capitol building in Washington, at the state capitol building in Nashville, Tennessee, and as the top embellishment for many classic structures throughout the world. This is the earliest building or structure known where the Corinthian capital is used externally. The monument remains in good repair considering its age. The capitals are excellent examples of the Corinthian capital as described by Vitruvius.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

WE THREE

The purple thread of the Callimachus clan surfaces again in Cyrene, Libya, South Africa. Here we learn of one described as the General of Cyrene, our Callimachus VII, the grandfather of the celebrated Callimachus IX, the Poet of Cyrene. It is to this poet, and to the historian Suidas, that we are indebted for his genealogy. The interpretation of Suidas is obscure. However, combining Suidas with the Epigrams written by the Poet of Cyrene, along with the comments of the Roman poet Catullus, the accompanying genealogical chart provides an explainable "fit."

In researching, I found that the scholar Hemsterhys proposed that Megatima and Mesatma referred to the same person in the historical texts. The chart which I have prepared seems to contradict this, but it is not impossible that Battus Callimachus did marry his aunt. Nevertheless, Callimachus seems to have definitely established his immediate paternal forebearers in his Epigrams.

This is the Epigram XXIII, written by the Poet of Cyrene, Callimachus IX, which refers to the General, Callimachus VII, his grandfather; to Battus Callimachus VIII, his father; and to himself:¹

"Whosoever thou art who walkest past my tomb,
know that I am son and sire of Callimachus of
Cyrene. Thou wilt know them both. For the one
once led the armies of his fatherland, the
other sang songs beyond the reach of envy.
Naught in this is there to surprise; for on
whom as children the Muses look with no side-
long glance, those they do not reject as
friends when their heads are grey."

The sister of Callimachus the Poet had a son who was called Callimachus the Younger, probably in deference to his uncle. He is known to have written

1. Callimachus, Hymns and Epigrams, A. W. Mair, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1955, pp. 153, 161.

an epic, *On Islands*. He is listed on the genealogical chart as Callimachus X. Of course, back in Athens, the General of Cyrene had a counterpart, related at least by name, who was archon in three hundred forty nine B.C.--the Callimachus of the preceeding chapter.

Callimachus IX, the Poet, was born in Cyrene in the province of Cyrenaica, an eastern division of Libya (South Africa) on the Mediterranean. The town is now called Shahhat and is a little more than five hundred miles from Alexandria, which lies eastward in Egypt. Callimachus was a pupil of Praxiphanes of Athens and also Hermocrates of Iasos. Early in his life he migrated to Alexandria and became a teacher in Eleusis, its suburb. He later somehow became recommended to Ptolemy Philadelphus, the ruler of Egypt, and was employed as cataloguer of the great library of Alexandria. This library is reported to have contained half a million rolls or volumes. Some of these have been recovered in caverns beneath the original library which was burned during the time of Julius Caesar.

As cataloguer, Callimachus wrote the *Pinakes*, which consisted of one hundred twenty books divided under eight major headings, listing the books of the Alexandrian Library. Callimachus is reported to have written more than eight hundred books, but since a scroll may have been considered a book, he may not have been quite so prolific as it would at first appear. A few of his works have been preserved to us. He wrote the *Hecale*, a captivating adventure story describing the journey of Theseus as he went to Marathon to fight the bull. There were the *Lyrics*, the *Aetia* or *Causes*, about sixty *Epigrams*, and also the *Lock of Berenice*. This, written as an eulogy for Berenice II of Cyrene, who was married to Ptolemy III Euergetes of Egypt who began his reign in two hundred forty six B.C., commemorated her untimely death. The astronomer Conon named a constellation after her, and Callimachus in his *Lock of Berenice*, described a lock of her hair which she had offered

as a dedication. This work, translated by the Roman poet Catullus, can be found on page one hundred twenty nine of *The Poems of Gaius Valerius Catullus*, as translated by F. W. Cormick, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1962.

Another short work, the *Victory of Sosibios*, concerned his victory won at the Isthmian Games. Sosibios became a famous minister of state under Ptolemy IV. Another group of Callimachus' works are the Hymns, which have an interesting style and are very informative. They are called: Hymn to Zeus, Hymn to Apollo, Hymn to Artemis, Hymn to Delos, the Bathing of Pallas, and the very famous Hymn to Demeter. These all appealed to the romance in the Greek soul, for all could reverently identify with each of these heroic figures. Callimachus weaves a spell in his writing that makes you want to believe in these legendary characters. You may recall in the legendary lore that Artemis and Apollo were born on the floating island of Delos. The Hymns romantically enhance these legends of Greek mythology.

Callimachus also wrote *The Deification of Arsinoe*. Arsinoe was a daughter of Ptolemy I (Soter) of Egypt who grew up with Alexander the Great. She died on July 9, 270 B.C. and the smoke from her funeral pyre could be seen for miles. This piece, the Hymns, and an additional work, the Iambi, have much to recommend them. The Iambus I is a story of a golden cup and the merits of humility. Iambus II is a tale regarding the division of language among animals and men. Iambus III criticizes those persons of the time of Callimachus as valuing wealth over virtue. Iambus IV is a timeless story of the laurel, the olive tree, and the old bramble-bush. Iambus V is an allegorical attack on school-teacher Apollonius for shamefully abusing his pupils. Iambus VI is a description of the famous Olympian Zeus at Elis which was sculpted by Pheidias. Both Pheidias and his brother worked on the temple of Zeus at Olympia before they went to Athens to work on the Parthenon and the Painted Stoa in the Athenian agora. Pheidias'

workshop may still be seen at Olympia.

Iambus VII is a story of the statue of Hermes, carved by Epeus (who carved the wooden horse of Troy), being passed from man to man. Iambus VIII is a story of the water contest called Hydrophoria. Iambus IX is the story of the ithyphallic Hermes. Iambus X tells of the sacrifice of swine to Aphrodite. Iambus XI concerns the will of a brothel-keeper. Iambus XII is a dedication poem on the birth of a little girl. Iambus XIII is Callimachus' defense against literary criticism. It is said of the Poet that many of his stories have the same timeless power of attraction as those of Aesop. This is true. They also help to give us a mind-frame of the Greek in this period of time.

Perhaps the one great cohesive force that united the Callimachus clan through many successive generations was the illusory beauty of the Mysteries. One can sense in the Hymns of Callimachus the deep reverence which the Greek had for his dieties. The art and thought of Callimachus the Poet, rated second only to Homer by many of his day, enthralled many scholars even during the middle ages. In fourteen hundred ninety four James Lascaris in Florence, Italy established a Greek printing press and published the works of Callimachus. Most of the works of Callimachus are available, in part at least, in one of two books: Callimachus, Hymns and Epigrams, A.W. Mair, 1955; and Callimachus, C.A. Trypanis, 1958, both by Harvard University Press.

Reading the works of Callimachus, the image is formed of a restless, inquisitive individual, one, not completely satisfied with his station in life, who loses himself in his monumental works. Admittedly not wealthy, subject to the passions; he wrote his own epitaph:

Epigram XXXVII:1

'Tis the tomb of Battus' son that thou art
passing--one who was well skilled in poesy and
well skilled in season to laugh over the wine.

CHAPTER TWELVE

HEAT LIGHTNING--THE LAST FLASHES IN THE NIGHT

There are four members of the Callimachus identity who have left only minor imprints in history. These were listed in Mr. MacKendrick's treatise, *The Athenian Aristocracy*. The first of these is one Callimachus XI of the Keryx clan, who was Mint Magistrate in the years 126/5 B.C. Just a few years later in 100/99 B.C. another member of the Keryx clan was Basileus (king) in Athens. This person is listed on our chart as Callimachus XII. In the years 97/6 B.C. a member of another clan, the Kerkes, was first Mint Magistrate and he is listed on the chart as Callimachus XIII. In the years 68/7 B.C. Callimachus of Leukonoe, of the Keryx clan was Superintendent of Delos. We have placed him as Callimachus XIV. These individuals serve to show that the line was continued and that some of the more important offices were still being held by those called Callimachus.

Callimachus XV, our last flesh and blood member of this clan, which history has so graciously revealed to us, is to be found on the southern shore of the Black Sea. Plutarch, in his life of Lucius Licinius Lucullus, wrote of an engineer named Callimachus who resided in the city of Amisus during its siege in 72/1 B.C. Lucullus fought against the city of Amisus which was under the command of Callimachus. Lucullus laid siege to the city and gained advantage by unexpectedly attacking while the soldiers within had withdrawn for rest. Callimachus then fired the city to the dismay of Lucullus and was thus able to escape by sea in ships.

Lucullus had a rebellious and somewhat uncontrollable army which he wished to then lead against the Armenian Carthage. But he was forced to yield to the will of the army and he led them back across the Taurus mountains. It was by now around 68 B.C. as they moved southward and attacked a large city called Nisibis. Curiously, this city was defended by the same Callimachus who was in charge at Amisus.

The location of the city of Nisibis is interesting. It was located between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, a few miles northwest of the ancient capitol of Assyria, the city of Nineveh. Both Nisibis and Nineveh lay on the route taken by Alexander the Great in three hundred thirty one B.C. in his Asia Minor conquest. This is the area often referred to as the "fertile crescent," the cradle of civilization.

Lucullus laid close siege to the city and soon stormed it, capturing its ruler Guras and the engineer Callimachus. Guras is said to have been well treated, but in spite of Callimachus' offer of hidden treasure he was placed in chains in revenge for his firing of Amisus. The actual punishment of Callimachus is not recorded. We may only surmise that he did not escape the wrath of Lucullus with his life. The record of the Callimachus clan on the Asian continent seems to end here at Nisibis. At almost the same time the Athenian line of Callimachus also fades into obscurity.

If one might be able to look southwestward from the heights of Mount Ararat in Turkey toward this ancient land of Ur that lay in this area of the fertile crescent then surely the detail and outline of the landscape would be lost in the indistinct blue haze in the distance. From this noble height, surveying the frame of the human figures in the distance, where man may have first walked on earth, they dwindle almost to insignificance. One may ask, what perceptible difference is there between one generation and another? Clothes and physical accoutrements may change, but in the cruel frame of eternal time, what real difference in sense of purpose? The torch of life seems to pass almost unnoticed as one "boat" disappears over the horizon to be replaced by yet another as it comes into view. The perspective of the Callimachus' of this world did not extend beyond the dark veil which covered their horizon. Only the allegories of the Mysteries offered a faint glimmer of hope that the Dark One might be conquered.

Now the bounding exuberant search and inquiry that marked the Callimachus genes have come to rest in chains at Nisibis. Only the legends remain; Callimachus has run the race and completed the course. The pointed focus of Inquiry seeking the Conclusion found none. The Glorious Author Time rules. In just one more generation chains would be broken and Perfection would visit man.

The name of Callimachus reappeared in legend in the thirteenth century A.D. Karl Krumbacher in his two volumes of *Geschichte der Byzantinischen Litteratur* reports a story of Callimachus and Chrysorrhoe, a fairy tale which blends the lore of the Mysteries, the chivalry of the Middle Ages, and the magic of the royal hero. It uses the charm of the magic apple and of course the beautiful princess is rescued by the gallant Kallimachos. There is a definite Greek theme in the story, for in the dragon castle Kallimachos sees the love statue of Ares and Aphrodite, a picture of Athene, and other Greek statuary. The child in every heart enjoys a story. Remarkably, this one has preserved in it some history and legend that once was and surely still is a very real part of that which is Greece.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE UNKNOWN GOD

Acts 17:23--TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

You may sense it by intuition--or the majesty of the structure may induce a studied wonderment at the fit and proportion which creates a total sense of beauty without noticing the detailed individual construction of the separate parts. It is the whole which appeals to the mind. It is art. You may examine and dissemble the parts. The beauty lies in its unity. The Corinthian column was more than just an architectural masterpiece to the ancient initiate in the Mysteries. It was a thing of reverence.

The striking proof of this fact is that in its first-found state in Greece the Corinthian column was used as an internal structure! The oldest Corinthian column was found in the Temple of Apollo at Bassae. In this temple several columns projected from the side walls in the inner section. At one end, in the center, stood a single Corinthian column. The two side columns of the walls opposite this center column are angled inward toward the line of the position of this center Corinthian column. It is believed that both these outer columns were Corinthian also. The new Temple of Athena Alea at Tegea which was built by Skopas of Paros after the destruction by fire of the old temple in three hundred ninety five B.C. had Corinthian columns in the cella. The Temple of Zeus at Nemea near Mt. Apesas, built between three hundred forty and three hundred twenty B.C., had an interior Corinthian column which was related to those at Bassae and Tegea. The Temple of Asklepios at Epidauris had internal Corinthian columns on the side walls. The Temple of Didyma, south of Miletus in Turkey, had internal Corinthian half-columns. At Eleusis, the home of the Mysteries, in a part of the Lesser Propylaea there were extended antae by inner doors

with two Corinthian columns.

In the inner section of the Tholos at Delphi, on the Marmarian Terrace, is the second oldest example of the Corinthian column in Greece. The Tholos at Epidauris was of similar construction, with internal Corinthian columns. At the island of Samothrace, the Rotunda or Arsinoeion which was dedicated by Queen Arsinoe of Egypt between two hundred eighty nine and two hundred eighty one B.C., had an inner gallery with Corinthian half-columns.

The first external use of the Corinthian column was probably in the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates which was constructed around three hundred thirty four B.C. The Tower of the Winds, also at Athens, is another classic example of external use. One must allow that there was at least a relationship in the earlier internal use of the capital. Even at Olympia there is an ancient Tholos, called the Philippieion. This was evidently dedicated to Philip II by his son Alexander the Great. This was also constructed after the manner of the ones at Delphi and Epidauris, and this too had internal Corinthian columns.

Let us consider now the acanthus plant which had an important role in the legend of the column. The Acanthus Mollis is native to the Mediterranean region. It has large thorny leaves and is a tenacious plant. In this respect it is similar to the Acacia or thorny tamarisk which grew up around the body of Egyptian Osiris in one version of that legend. This is said to be the plant used to make the crown of thorns which was placed upon the head of Christ. And, in like manner, another enfolding plant is the Lotus, enobled by the Egyptians in their Lotus capital, which bears a similarity to the Corinthian. This was the symbol of life and resurrection. Even the birth of Brahma was depicted as occurring in the Lotus in the Hindu doctrines. Doubtless the enfolding leaves portray the female principle in nature and man's traditional link with immortality. The Corinthian column thus marks an expression of the

accumulated knowledge of the pre-Christian man as guided by an innate, inborn desire to inquire into the wonder of this world in which he found himself. It has been stated many times before, but worth repeating--beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

THE CORINTHIAN COLUMN

This for you O child of man
 Cast out of darkness into light,
 Into a strange and limitless expanse
 of ceaseless wonder and delight,
 To move, enjoy, inquire, to sing, to dance
 To consider, to imitate,
 and of all these unending things to state
 Some noble expression of appreciation,
 Some compendium of man's elation.
 This, the receptacle of creation
 The incomprehensible mystery of an invisible God
 covered and guarded by a goodly quadrate,
 And framed with heaven's ethereal flowers.
 Speaks with reverence in every land and on every
 shore
 The awesome words our finite tongues longingly fail
 to frame.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A FAREWELL TO GREECE

The bright Grecian sun flooded my room and gently roused me from a sound sleep. I arose and decided to make a leisurely journey that morning into Athens, going on foot in order to gather some lasting impressions of this ancient yet modern city. The mystique of this enchanting city which almost seems to vibrate with life, much as the earth often does, is to be found in the varied range of visitors of all nationalities who visit these shores. Here is poverty and plenty, and even great riches; the uneducated, the poverty stricken, the diverse, the scholar, the financier and businessman, the dauntless archeologist, and the student. Even the gainfully unemployed. It is a jointing place, a magnet for those of all nations, many with unrelated backgrounds and languages. They come here as they have for centuries, and Greece and the world are the better for it.

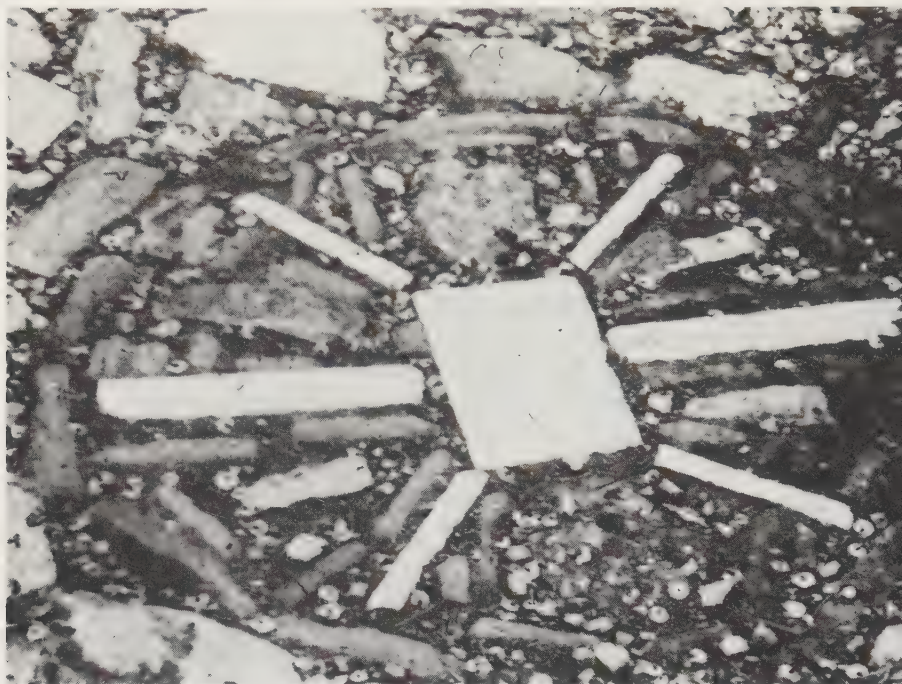
I wandered the city aimlessly for hours, feasting my eyes on the streets, people, and buildings, checking this item and that on the map and trying to know something of the general character of this great place. All the world's roads eventually lead to the Acropolis, and later in the afternoon I approached it from the northwest, planning to encircle this hill and examine it in still greater detail. Stops were made at the Theatre of Dionysus, the Stoa of Eumanes, and the Odeion of Herodes Atticus. All of these hug the southern rim of the hill. These were once the theatrical and cultural centers, having existed from very ancient times. The Theatre of Dionysus was rebuilt by Lycurgus in three hundred forty two to three hundred twenty six B.C., replacing an earlier structure in which the great works of Euripides, Aristophanes, Sophocles, and Aeschylus were first presented.

Walking on around the entrance and the stone walkway which ascends upward to the Propylea, I decided to investigate the wooded area across the broad

street to the southwest. There is an upward climb through the tree-clad slopes to the Monument of Philopapos which looks across to the Acropolis at about the same elevation and offers a splendid view. Approaching from the northeast side, the climb becomes quite steep, and as I struggled upward through the brush, I found a stone-patterned ancient walkway made up of small colored stones placed on edge in an ordered manner. About seventy five feet below the top I came upon a very interesting symbolic pattern in the stone walkway. It is of an astronomically related design which I have seen before. The astute reader of Professor Hawkins interesting book, *Stonehenge Decoded*, may find in this something of value.

This monument of Philopapos at the top of the hill dates from one hundred fourteen to one hundred sixteen A.D., honoring a Roman consul. It is of stone and the remains of the statuary figures are still in place. Directly opposite the monument, on the walkway descending the hill toward the northwest I observed another design in the remains of the walkway, with a similarity to the first, and almost covered with dirt and gravel. Scraping back the dirt with a stone, and feeling like an amateur archeologist, I photographed my find. No doubt this discovery has already been recorded and lies buried in some ancient archeological archive. But perhaps its meaning was also discounted.

A few more yards down the hill one finds a strange group of structures placed in a kind of court. There is a cavern cut into the stone with small recessed rooms; nearby is an elevated rock-hewn seat, and a large pear-shaped rock lays in the court area which may have been the rim of an ancient cistern. This spot gives the impression that it may have been used as an ancient court of justice. Coming down the hill through a wooded area, there are several ancient stone foundations, and among some of these there still remained stone troughs for carrying water down off the hill.



64. Stele of Hegeso, a young woman who was the daughter of Proxenos (I) of Aphidnae, by Callimachus, c. 400 B.C. Found in Kerameikos Cemetery.



Now moving clockwise around the Acropolis, I passed around the northern front, past the Areopagus, or Mar's Hill, and then down the path into the agora area. On the eastern boundary of the agora is the Stoa of Attalus, a Roman structure, which now contains a museum in which are placed many of the finds from the agora, which was excavated by Americans. Many of these items are in such splendid condition that they appear to have been used only just yesterday. At the northern entrance to the agora is an legend tablet of the area which details the location of the ancient structures found in this interesting historical meeting place.

Using this northern entrance, I passed out of the agora into the street and to the left, which is the general course of the ancient Panathenaic Way which led to Eleusis. The "painted stoa" which Pausanias described was originally in this area. This street leads to the ancient Kerameikos Cemetery which is about five blocks west of the agora entrance. Here one finds several varieties of sculpted gravestones and monuments, ancient funeral urns, stone markers, and stone crypts. The Stele of Hegeso found here and in the National Museum is of interest, not merely for its beauty, but because it is thought to be the work of Callimachus which was completed around four hundred B.C. In the scene portrayed, the seated Hegeso examines a necklace from a jewel box which is held by her maid.

In this retired area in what is now a bustling city, one can find a certain quiet pathos with a dead civilization that still whispers to us its platonic reminders of the debt we owe, which finds its roots with them. If the Corinthian column, the Mysteries of Eleusis, and this haunting veiled mist of the spirit that pervaded the minds of these ancient Greeks have any real meaning for us, perhaps it can be found in the serene contemplation of this statue, made in the last century and found in an American cemetery, whose picture is to be found in this book.

- 144 65. Monument of the last century found in an American cemetery.



66. Remains of a statue in Kerameikos Cemetery.



Is this the preserved image of the timeless Demeter? I believe it is, for there is a statue in this Kerameikos Cemetery that bears an almost identical likeness. The statue represents an ageless idyllic beauty which somehow forms a speechless link with man's hope and dream of eternal life.

There is a point in the thought process of mortal men where words fail, and the melodious charms of music seem to supersede and elevate to a higher plane, but beyond this the beauty of some visual form can extend us to that smoky dream world that frees the mind from the chains of the body and hurls us fleetly through the vastness of space. And thus any man can become truly free of earthly bonds and sample of that ethereal essence otherwise denied.

Our long search for Callimachus has ended, but for so long as man truly values the gift of life and possesses the taunting spirit of inquiry, then that unfulfilled longing for that intangible "knowing" shall continue to ignite his imagination and inspire him in this his greatest quest.

What greater gift of love could there be than the gift of eternal life?

The end.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

B.C.

- 1582 Cecrops
- 1447 Earthquake at Thera (Santori)
- 1423 Erechtheus establishes Mysteries at Eleusis
- 1350 Second destruction of Knossos, Crete
- 1300 Aegeus
- 1225 Theseus
- 1190 Agamemnon sailed to Troy
- 1180 Fall of Troy
- 776 Olympic Games started
- 544 Praxidamas of Aegina--first athlete to have statue dedicated at Olympia
- 540 60th Olympiad--reported invention of the Corinthian capital
- 538 Cyrus II conquers Babylonian Empire
- 530 Death of Cyrus, accession of Cambyses
- 522 Death of Cambyses, Darius succeeds
- 515 Temple rebuilt at Jerusalem by Zerubbabel
- 510 Reforms of Cleisthenes--10 tribes formed
- 499 Ionian revolt against Persia
- 494 Ionian defeat
- 492 Persians invade Thrace
- 490 Darius invades Greece. Battle of Marathon
- 486 Death of Darius. Accession of Xerxes
- 480 Xerxes invades Greece. Leonidas at Thermopylae
- 470 Birth of Socrates
- 468 Temple of Zeus at Olympia begun
- 460 Stoa Poikile (Painted Stoa) by Peisianax. Pericles assumes power. Thucydides born
- 450 Temple of Apollo Epicurius at Bassae begun. Aristophanes born.
- 449 Peace of Callias
- 447 Parthenon started by Ictinius
- 446 Callimachus archon at Athens. Herodotus reads in Athens
- 436 Isocrates born
- 433 Meton discovered 19 year cycle of stars
- 431 Start of Peloponnesian War
- 429 Pericles dies of plague
- 427 Nike Temple on Acropolis begun. Plato born

- B.C.
- 426 Temple at Plataea started. Callimachus creates seated image of Hera
 - 421 Erechtheum rebuilding. Callimachus created golden lamp
 - 420 Temple of Asklepios at Epidauris started
 - 415 Athenians attempt conquest of Sicily
 - 413 Callimachus died at Syracuse, Sicily. Decelean War started
 - 405 Erechtheum completed
 - 404 End of Peloponnesian and Decelean Wars
 - 402 Trial "Against Callimachus" by Isocrates
 - 399 Death of Socrates
 - 395 New Temple of Athena Alea at Tegea
 - 384 Aristotle born
 - 382 Philip II of Macedon born
 - 380 Aristophanes died
 - 360 Tholos at Epidauris begun
 - 356 Alexander the Great born. Temple of Diana at Ephesus burned
 - 349 Callimachus archon at Athens
 - 347 Plato died
 - 340 Temple of Zeus at Nemea near Mt. Apesas begun
 - 338 Isocrates died
 - 336 Philip II of Macedon died
 - 334 Monument of Lysicrates in Athens
 - 323 Alexander the Great died
 - 322 Aristotle died
 - 320 Tholos at Epidauris and the Temple of Zeus at Nemea completed
 - 313 Reign of Ptolemy I Soter (general of Alexander) begins in Egypt
 - 310 Callimachus IX born in Cyrene
 - 295 Reign of Ptolemy II Philadelphus begins in Egypt
 - 289 Arsinoeion at Samothrace begun
 - 281 Arsinoeion completed
 - 250 Translation of Pentateuch into Greek
 - 246 Accession of Ptolemy III Euergetes
 - 174 Temple of Zeus Olympius (Olympieion) at Athens begun

B.C.

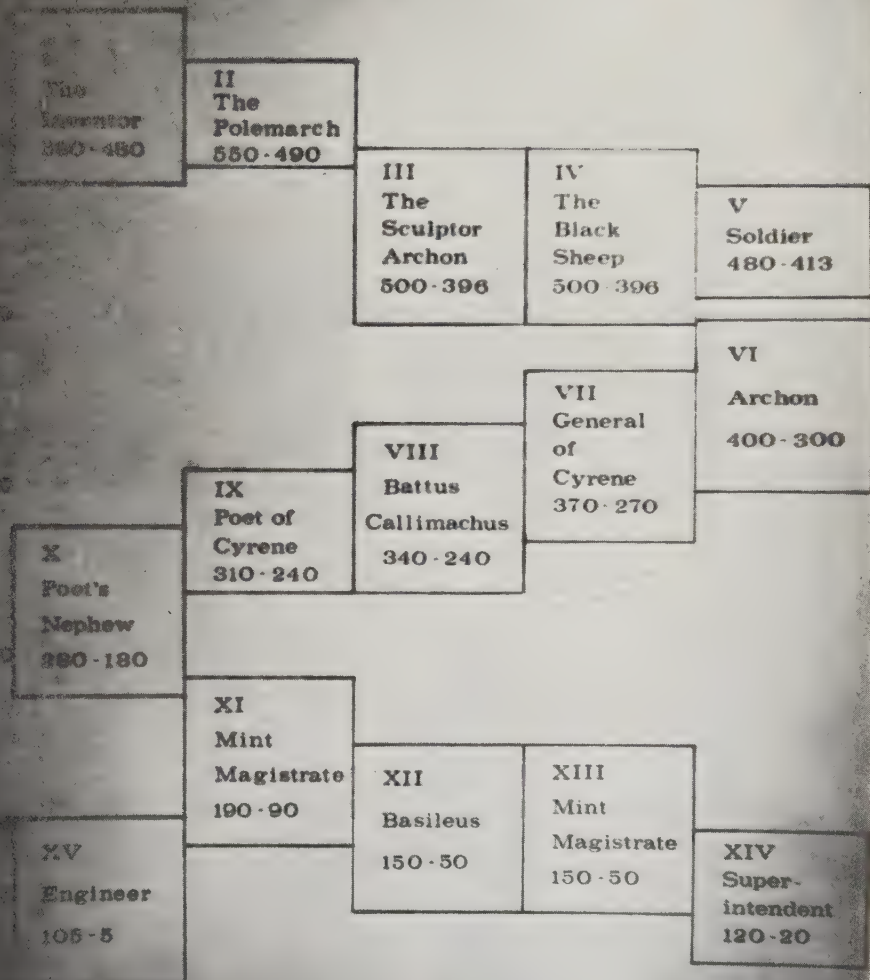
- 132 Temple of Zeus at Athens completed
- 126 Callimachus mint magistrate
- 100 Callimachus basileus in Athens. Writings of Vitruvius
- 97 Callimachus first mint magistrate
- 68 Callimachus Superintendent of Delos. Callimachus the engineer dies in chains
- 50 Lesser Propylaea at Eleusis (Corinthian column)
- 48 Tower of the Winds at Athens

A.D.

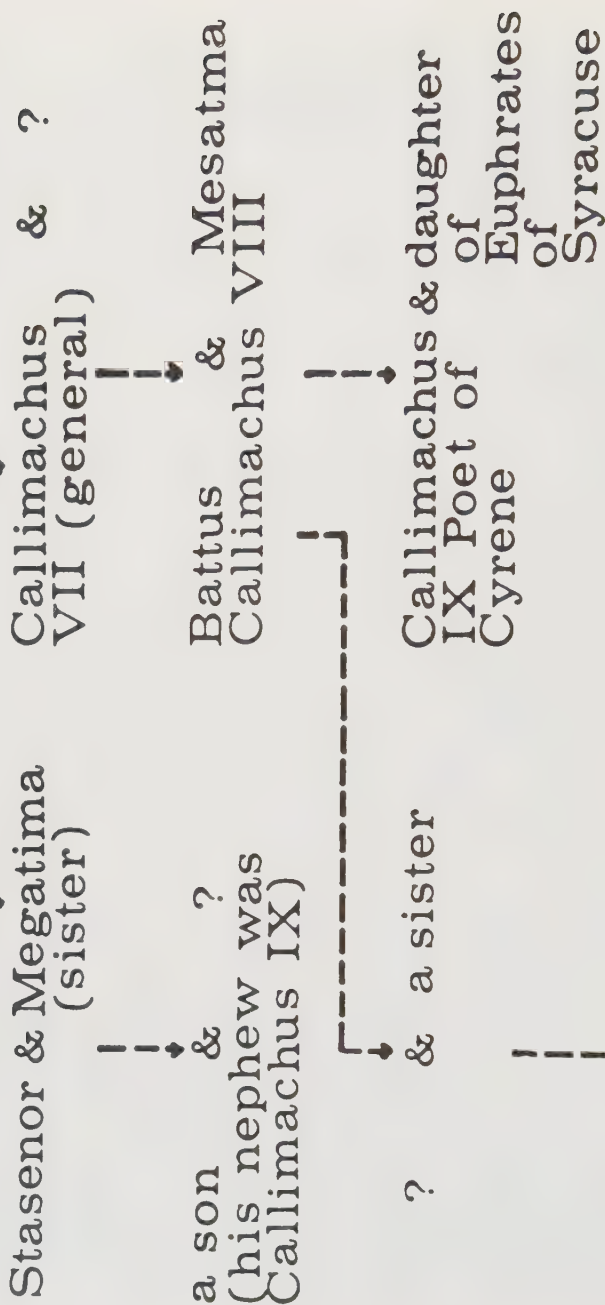
- 53 Paul the apostle in Athens
- 288 Accession of Constantine I
- 337 Constantine's rule ends
- 361 Flavius Claudius Julianus ruled 361-363
- 430 Death of St. Augustine of Hippo
- 1494 Works of Callimachus the Poet first printed in Greek

Callimachus Chronology

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Genealogical chart of the Poet of Cyrene



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ISBN 0-910018-05-7